THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XI. NO 17. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1892. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

EASTER JUBILEE.

Beautiful and Imposing Celebrations of the Lord's Resurrection in the Catholic Churches of Chicago.

Services at the Cathedral, St. Patrick's, St. James', the Holy Family, St. Jarlath's and Other Sacred Temples

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN CELEBRATES MASS.

The announcement that the head of the Catholic Diocese of Chicago, the venerable Archbishop Feehan, will in person celebrate the mass always serves to draw a crowded congregation to the great Cathedral of the Holy Name, and Sunday's added inducement of Easter music filled the cathedral to the doors, and every spot in the aisles where a chair could be crowded in or a worshiper could stand was occupied. The musical service was appropriately selected and beautifully rendered, but not as elaborate as usual because the acoustic qualities of the church were spoiled by the forest of rough pine posts supporting the scaffolding on which the workmen who are painting the ceiling perform their labors. The posts obscured the view of the altar from the rear, but with a not entirely unpleasant effect, giving a sense of distance which made the candles on the altar twinkle like stars.

There was a mass at every hour of the morning, but the principal service was at 10:30 o'clock, when Archbishop Feehan celebrated Pontifical mass, aided by the following clergy: the Rev. Father Fitzsimmons, assistant; the Rev. F. M. Perry, deacon; the Rev. N. J. Mooney, subdeacon; special deacons of honor, the Revs. J. M. Scanlan and P. A. McLaughlin; master of ceremonies, the Rev. P. J. Muldoon; assistant, the Rev. J. P. Dore. The Rev. Father Fitzgerald delivered the Easter sermon, a glowing word picture of the incidents of the resurrection with a brief homily. Following was the musical programme arranged by the director and organist, Prof. Middleschutte:

Processional March..Haydn's Third Mass in D
Curie ..... Quartette and Chorus
Miss Kate Coffey, soprano; Miss Lizzie McAuley, soprano; Mr. L. F. Queisz, tenor; Mr. John Fay, bass.
Gloria ..... Quartette
Veni Creator ..... Solo
Miss Coffey.
Credo ..... Quartette
Offertory—"Ave Maria" ..... Bach-Gounod
Miss M. Blanche Foulke, with violin accompaniment by Ludwig Marum.
Sanctus ..... Quartette
Agnus Dei ..... Quartette
Hallelujah chorus ..... Handel
Easter hymn ..... Hasc Dies

AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

St. Patrick's, the second oldest church in the city, celebrated Easter day with all the pomp of ritual. Several hundred people were unable to gain entrance to the church at Desplaines and Adams streets, and were content to deposit their Easter offerings and return to their homes. The altars of the church were resplendent with hundreds of lights typical in the eyes of the church of the living faith. Mingling with the perfume of the incense was the fragrance of many flowers tastefully arranged among the candles of the altars. The feature of the service was the musical programme. The quartette, composed of Miss Millie McKnight, soprano; Miss Nellie Cahill, contralto; Augustin Dasso, tenor, and Theodore Camp, bass, was assisted by an orchestra of sixteen pieces. As the big organ under the management of J. H. Winder began the coronation march the four parish priests, preceded by forty altar boys, all robed in the richest vestments of the church, came from either door and took their places before the altars. The mass was the most solemn of the church—the high pontifical high mass. Father Galligan was the celebrant and his deacon and subdeacon were Fathers Riley and Sullivan. As the priests performed their ceremonies the large congregation with bowed heads listened to the grandest creation of Cimarosa—the grand imperial mass by the full orchestra, organ and quartette. During its performance the sacred incense rose from the altars and the worshipers saw, typified in song and music, the agony of Christ in the garden, his sufferings on the cross, the procession of saints to his sealed tomb, his triumph over death and ascension. It was no wonder at its conclusion that Father Hynes ascended the pulpit and spoke of the beauties of the ritual. In his short sermon Father Hynes drew a simple lesson from the resurrection. The mystery of salvation was illustrated and simplified in the resurrection, he said. The musical programme was as follows:

Coronation March ..... Meyerbeer
Regina Coeli ..... Lambelotte
Grand Imperial Mass ..... Cimarosa
Veni Creator ..... Lajeal
Offertory, Hsec Dies ..... Glorza
Recessional March ..... Bellini

AT ST JAMES' CHURCH.

The ceremony with which the Roman Catholic church celebrates the anniversary of the resurrection reached, especially from a musical standpoint, the heighth of of its beauty at St. James', Thirtieth street and Wabash avenue.

The "Solemn Mass," by Niedermeyer, was the leading feature of the morning programme. It was rendered by the choir under the leadership of Frederick Archer, with a quartette consisting of Miss Marcella Reilly, soprano; Miss Bella Tomlins, contralto; William S. Dickson, tenor, and Bicknell Young, basso. In addition there was a special quartette consisting of Miss Reilly and Miss Mattie Atherton, sopranos, and Miss Tomlins and Miss Mertie Houck, contraltos. The offertory was effectively sung by Miss Reilly. A feature of the vesper service in the evening was the anthem, "O, Praise the Lord," by Zingarelli, sung as a tenor solo by William Castle, with harp accompaniment by Miss Cecelia Cudahy.

Immediately in the center of the altar was a cross of Easter lilies. Resting at the feet of Mary at the right altar was a pillow of white roses, with the word "Mary" appearing in the center in red. The sermon, from the text, "The day of Man is Past and God's has Come," was delivered by Father C. O. Splinter, O. P., the Dominican monk, whose wonderful eloquence made a deep impression on the immense congregation. The programme will be repeated in full text next Sunday. It was as follows:

Solemn mass ..... Niedermeyer
Vita Aqua ..... Birillo
Offertory .....
Alma Virgo ..... Bummel
Hallelujah chorus ..... Beethoven
Solemn vesper mass ..... Marz
Regina coeli ..... Gordigianni
"O Salutaris" (with harp) ..... Wagner
Tantum Ergo ..... Rossini

AT ST. JARLATH'S CHURCH.

At St. Jarlath's church, Hermitage avenue and Jackson boulevard, a large congregation assembled at 10:30 to hear high mass celebrated. This was the fifth mass of the day, the preceding services having been well attended. The church was handsomely decorated for the festival. The lofts and spacious chancel were decked with lilies, and the altar gleamed white under the soft light of innumerable candles. The solemn celebration opened with the usual procession. Following was sung Gounod's mass. The choir consisted of thirty voices. They were accompanied by an orchestra.

The Rev. Father Cashman, pastor of the church, acted as deacon of the mass, and was assisted by two visiting priests. The Rev. Father O'Connor celebrated the mass and the Rev. Father Cox was the subdeacon. The sermon was preached by the pastor, Father Cashman. He spoke from the text, "I am the Resurrection." His discourse was historical in nature, and he dwelt on the events leading to the first Easter Sunday—the morning of the resurrection—nearly 2,000 years ago.

In the afternoon vespers were sung, the usual custom in this church of congregational singing being followed.

AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

St. Stephen's parishioners worshiped for the first time last Sunday in their new church. Easter took on for them a double meaning, for, although the formal dedication will not take place until next month, Sunday's service was regarded as a sort of consecration. Banks of lilies and green plants graced the chancel and added to the beauty of the newly arranged permanent symbols. The day began at 7 o'clock, when holy communion was observed. Morning prayer at 9 o'clock was the next service and the last before the event of the day—thanksgiving services at 11 o'clock. They began with a professional, followed by a chant. A Gloria Tibi was sung and was succeeded by an anthem, "Now Christ Is Risen." Other parts of the service were a hymn, offertory solo, benedictus, Agnus Dei, Gloria in Excelsis, and a recessional. The Rev. C. N. Moller preached the sermon, taking occasion to give his Easter praise an advisory turn. He said he had been given a work to do, but that each member of the church had been given a place. He exhorted them to remember this and take an active part.

At 4 o'clock there was a children's service, and in the evening another Easter celebration. It consisted of a processional, Gloria, Magnificat Nunc Dimittis, hymn, solo and recessional.

The church that has just been completed at a cost of $8 000 replaces an older edifice in which the society has worshiped since its organization.

AT HOLY FAMILY CHURCH.

The Holy Family church, Twelfth and May streets, was the central point in the Easter festival for thousands of people. In early dawn the heavy doors swung open to admit worshipers to the first mass, and from that time without interruption until noon, when the last strains of the high celebration died away, mass followed mass, and an everchanging throng of parishioners knelt before the crucifixes. Niedermeyer's mass was sung by a choir of fifty voices, accompanied by a full orchestra of twenty-four pieces. The Rev. Father Wieman, S. J., acted as celebrant, the Rev. Father Logee, S. J., as deacon, and the Rev. Father Heitkamp, S. J., as subdeacon. After the mass Handel's "Hallelujah" was sung in chorus, followed by Cirillo's "Veni Creator." The services concluded with Mendelssohn's "Priests' March." The Rev. Father Kelley, S. J., preached a short sermon. At 5 o'clock vespers were sung, beginning with the Gregorian chant. Following it were Mozart's "Magnificat," Gordigiani's "Regina Coeli," a tenor solo from "Giorza," and Rodford's "Tantum Ergo."—*Chicago Tribune.*

PERSONAL.

Mr. Geo. W. Lyon and family, of South Halsted street, will leave this city for a protracted trip to Europe next Sunday afternoon, and will sail from New York on Wednesday. They will visit all points of interest in Great Britain and Ireland and also on the European continent. Mr. Lyon, although a young man, is an old citizen, and enjoys the friendship of his neighbors, of all creeds and races, to an extraordinary degree. THE CITIZEN wishes Mr Lyon and his interesting family *bon voyage* and safe return.

Mr. John Macnamara, ex-justice of the peace and police magistrate of Pullman, this county, left this city with his family for the ancestral home, county Meath, Ireland, on Thursday, to be absent indefinitely. Mr. Macnamara has considerable property interests in Royal Meath, and is compelled to give them his personal attention. In spite of his divided interests, he is a loyal American citizen, and will greatly miss the atmosphere of freedom which surrounded him here. His home is near the banks of the beautiful river Boyne, and he says there is nothing sweeter in nature than morning sunshine on the rich meadows of Meath. That great county, in which rises the regal hill of Tara, has been almost depopulated to make room for flocks and herds. Its people have been steadily leaving it—forced out by the graziers and landlords—since 1847, and chapels that used to be filled to the doors in O'Connell's time, are now five times too large for their congregations. Nevertheless, Mr. Macnamara says, "the old material island" remains in all its beauty, and Meath, in spite of depopulation, is by no means a place of exile. THE CITIZEN wishes Mr. Macnamara good luck.

DEATH OF AN AVENGER.

Hugh Stephens, Last Survivor of the Slayers of Earl Leitrim.

PHILADELPHIA, April 15.—A few days ago there died in Cambria county, Pa., an Irishman known as Hugh Boyle. He was about 52 and, although only a common laborer, much respected for his temperance, integrity and industry. About the same time the English journals announced the decease of Robert Bermingham Clements, fourth earl of Leitrim, in the county of Donegal, Ireland. The connection between the peer and the laborer is due to the tragic fact that Boyle was the last survivor of the men who, in 1878, shot to death the third earl, by whose removal Richard Clements, then a poor lieutenant in the British navy, was raised to rank and wealth.

It is a fact that even the Protestant gentry of the North of Ireland, who are first to denounce agrarian crime, regarded the killing of Lord Leitrim as the inevitable result of his evil life and character.

Boyle's right name was Stephens and he belonged to a family of yeomen peculiar to the North—sturdy, law abiding and industrious—devout Presbyterians, whose strongest motive in life is to maintain the tenant right of Ulster, which secures to them a settled tenure in their land and a freedom from the tyranny that oppresses their Catholic brethren in the South.

For thirty years the earl of Leitrim had been at strife with his tenants. He had 90,000 acres of land stretching across three counties, and giving him a rental of over £9,000 per annum, and he spent the best part of this in harassing his poorer neighbors by suits at law, but the worst trait was shown in his brutal and lustful attempts to dishonor the wives and daughters of his tenants, and to accomplish this his influence as a peer and magistrate and his power as a landlord were used without fear or restraint—in fact, there was not a worse scoundrel in Europe, and it was with truth that his taking off was described as "a wild act of natural justice."

Hugh Stephens had served in the British army for five years and with an excellent record as a soldier. On his return home he rented a small place and commenced life as a farmer. One day he met his landlord driving on the road and was ordered to ditch his little cart so as to make room for the peer's coach, and this command was enforced with a horsewhip, and this resented with a cudgel, the earl getting much the worst of it. This was the beginning of trouble for Stephens—he was evicted and ruined by litigation, and his sister, a beautiful and intelligent girl, was assaulted by a ruffianly retainer of his landlord and her character assailed. Some of the neighboring gentry took this up, the man was arrested, tried and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Leitrim was furious, and swore vengeance to all concerned.

In March, 1878, a dozen of the tenantry met at a rath in the mountains overlooking Lough Foyle. One of the oldest and most respected of the men on the estate said a few words to the effect that the tyranny of their landlord was more than they could endure, and it was now necessary to resort to the last means in their power to preserve their lives and the honor of their daughters and wives, and all swore to be true to the cause in life or death; £90 was raised.

It was resolved to act at once, and six men were chosen as the instruments of justice. They had brought themselves to believe that in the removal of a tyrant they were doing right. Stephens was their leader and he procured the necessary arms.

One of their most active and trusted agents was a woman servant at Castle Leitrim; her sister had been brutally treated by the earl, and it was her revenge to keep the assassins fully informed of their victim's movements.

On the 21 of April he left Manor Vaughan to go to Milford, en route to Londonderry. He was attended by a bailiff named Meehan, who sat on the car by his side, with the driver in front. There was a second car containing his valet and another bailiff. All were well armed. The day was beautiful but rather misty.

Stephens and his party stationed themselves behind a clump of low thorn trees, close to the road, armed with double-barreled guns. From the roof of a cabin 400 yards away on the hillside a white cloth was displayed. This was the signal that the earl was coming. His indifference to danger was manifested by the manner in which he divided his party. The second car was 100 yards away and entirely hidden by a hollow in the road. A short time before Lord Leitrim had evicted an aged widow named Algoe, and opposite her ruined cabin he fell.

Three of the party had been soldiers and were good shots, and each brought down his man. One of the guns, a rude weapon, burst and blew the holder's thumb off. The driver was killed on the spot. The bailiff ran back to the hind car and dropped dead in the road; but the earl was alive when his enemies surrounded him. While making an effort to draw his pistol he received three loads of swan shot in the body, and when the party behind came up he was dead, and, save the ruins of the gun and an old horse-pistol, nothing was left to indicate the identity of his slayers. Nor were they ever traced.

Two of the criminals died in Australia, two in the Boer war in South Africa, while Stephens came to this country and lived a blameless life until he died.

THE BOB-TAILED BASQUE.

Eleanor Kirk says it Does Not Become a Dumpy Woman, with a Slab-Sided Waist and a Lofty Stomach.

But on the Divinely Tall, and Slim, Fair One it Becomes a Thing of Beauty, if Not a Joy Forever.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., April 18—The various tastes of various individuals are constantly finding expression by means of the United States mail, which promptly delivers these criticisms and suggestions from all parts of the country. A lady in Brattleboro, Vt., takes exception to the dictum of Delsartian and esthetic exponents of style, and declares, that the short basque is neither vulgar nor unbecoming to any figure, although she admits that a short, fat woman does not look quite so well in one of these garments as a tall, slight one.

The communication of this correspondent is somewhat snappy and it would seem as if I had been guilty of hitching the adjective "vulgar" to the short basque, but this is a mistake. I consider this waist generally unbecoming and a sin against art when worn by a short, fleshy woman. But vulgar! Perish the thought.

"If you are going to take away the basque what is there left for comfort and convenience?" she asks. This is a perfectly legitimate question, though her assumption that I am personally to dig a big hole somewhere and bury the basque is crediting me with a power and influence which I do not possess. The basque is certainly a convenience. Even the women who dislike them most are compelled to concede this point. These garments when light, as they can be made, are easy to put on and off. They can be worn with any skirt, and it is no trouble to fasten one that is sensibly made. When this has been said of the ordinary short basque everything that can possibly be said in its favor has been said. It is not pretty and it gives a cut-in-two appearance to a dumpy figure which is extremely ugly. A short basque accentuates a large waist and abdomen, and calls attention to them. This is not the case when the dress has no division at the waist, and is designed upon the principles of art. Long unbroken lines from the neck to the feet with simple tasteful drapery will enhance the beauty of a beautiful figure and conceal the defects of a bad one.

To those who cannot give up the short basque on account of its convenience there is a compromise for home wear in the India silk or any other light material full waist, which can be worn with different skirts, and is so arranged that the waist line in front is concealed by means of drapery which falls from the shoulder and meets the side breadth of the skirt as low down as is necessary for the purposes of grace and beauty. If fleshy women will once understand that long lines are what their figures require, and that short basques always have the effect of increasing and emphasizing corpulency they will have reached a vantage ground where it will be comparatively easy matter to design and make the garments that will be perfectly becoming.

I am glad to hear such enthusiastic accounts of the good work accomplished by my little booklet, "The Woman's Way to Health and Beauty." "Never," writes a lady from Colorado Springs, "did the expenditure of ten cents produce such marvelous results. My husband and I were both banished from the east on account of weak lungs. The climate here agreed with us better than home air, I am sorry to say, but we got no real help until we commenced to practise your simple and lovely hygienic exercises. Yes, my husband goes through them all with me bids me say that a man has just as much right to health and beauty as a woman. He is almost beside himself with joy at the work we have done. His hacking, agonizing cough has almost gone, and he knows, and so do I, that it is owing to the exercises and not to the climate. I can go up stairs without wheezing, and have absolutely no more pain in my side. My husband gave a little talk to a parlor full of friends the other night and went through the exercises. The meeting was most enthusiastic, and will you please send the booklets at once to the names given below."

There is more of this heart-cheering letter and I wish I had room for it, because I am so anxious to impress upon the minds of my readers that weak chests can be strengthened, coughs cured, and health restored without nauseous medicines and by hygeaic methods. I know that these exercises as set forth in the booklet alluded to will cure every description of pulmonary trouble except that which has developed into a break-down of the tissues, in other words the last stages of consumption.

The great show window on the corner of Broadway and Twentieth street, conceded to be the handsomest window in New York, instead of being superbly and daintily dressed with ladies' robes and wraps, tea gowns, party dresses, and opera cloaks, is just at present devoted to a display of elegant carpets at low prices. This show is somewhat more utilitarian in its character, but to those who love colors and new and artistic designs, and to those who want the most beautiful carpet that can be bought for a small figure, it is especially interesting. The spring opening at this house was a revelation in the matter of unique wools and handsome silks, as well as in the thin summer and party fabrics, such as the butterfly chiffons in every variety of design and color. Chiffon comes high but a pretty woman in a becoming chiffon gown looks as near like an angel as she will ever look on this terrestrial sphere. Those of my friends who want hats should step in here and look at these, even if they do not buy. There is something for every kind of head—for every shape, large or small, and that one doesn't find everywhere. Then, Lord & Taylor's folks are obliging, and a woman with deft fingers who can economize by making her own hats can pick up any quantity of ideas at this incomparable place. Streamers are all the rage at the back of hats, but these ribbons are not becoming to elderly people, neither do they look well on equatty middle aged women. Then there is the severe and ridiculous ribbon loop about a foot high that sticks straight up in front or at the side. A crazy Parisian is said to have originated this mainmast rigging, and it certainly does look insane.

Anna Katharine Green begins a story in this week's *Ledger*, which is said to be equal to her famous "Leavenworth Case." If the statement even approximates to the truth American fiction readers have a rich treat in store for them. It is called "Cynthia Wakeham's Money," and the plot is, of course, one of exceeding mystery, or Miss Green would not be the author of it. This novelist is considered by English critics to exceed the famous French plotter in her ability to keep the secret of her stories till the final pages.

Mary Kyle Dallas still writes in her old time charming manner for this ably conducted weekly, and Louise S. Upham, and Helen Marshall North are always sure to be interesting.

The New York *Ledger* expedition through unknown Alaska and British America, by Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, is a charming serial for both old and young, because it contains important information in a way to instruct, interest and amuse. No better idea of this strange and desolate region could possibly be given. ELEANOR KIRK.

698 Greene avenue.

A CLERICAL RAW MOUTH

Couples Catholicity With Crime.

Rev. O E Murray, in attempting to enlighten his hearers in a Wabash avenue church recently, lunged into the Catholic church and parochial school system, as entirely corrupt, and out of keeping with his grand idea of morality. Then with a galvanized grin, he strikes out like a Zulu javelin into the Irish. Statistics prove it, says the eloquent divine. For instance, who educated the Tweeds, O'Briens and Sweenies? The "great" moralist must be wandering away from his subject, most assuredly. Tweed was not a Catholic, nor nor did he get his training at the parochial school. He also claims that the majority of the inmates of Joliet are parochial school graduates. I would most respectfully ask the "brilliant" pulpiteer if young Field, the multi-millionaire robber, was a parochial school graduate, or did he obtain his degrees as an expert forger from that much abused institution, the Catholic school?

Would not it be well for the great expounder of Christian doctrine to look across the line into the so-called American colony of Canada, the refuge of thieves, bank robbers and forgers. They are not the outgrowth of Catholic school training.

Again, the "eminent" divine claims there are no public schools in Mexico, Brazil, Peru and other South American countries. Granted—he will scarcely ever find a swindler in those countries. Their inhabitants are law abiding people and Catholics.

How about the Vassar graduates, Mr. Murray? Was it not one of them that recently figured in the Chicago divorce courts, whose scandalous record shocked two continents? (Carter vs. Carter) Another one of New York's Four Hundred is the heroine in a bloodless duel on board an ocean flyer. They were not trained in the parish school by any means.

The growth of the church and parochial school makes "his reverence" a little sore, and is a stinging rebuke to the I. O. D.'s, the so-called Sons of Liberty and other divisions of the Anglo-American Mafias, as well as the Hensons, Brushinghams, Murrays and other brassy preachers.

D. MCMULLEN

[While education in Mexico is not as generally diffused as in this favored country, still it is not true that public schools are unknown in the sister republic. On the contrary, every city, town or village has its public schools, and they are more or less under state supervision. As the pupils are exclusively Catholic, it makes no difference to the state that the bishops and priests take an active interest in education. The bishops and priests of Mexico, particularly in the great centers of population, are generally men of the highest intellectual calibre. The Right Rev. Dr. Gillow, bishop of Oajacca, is a strong personal friend of President Diaz. As a matter of fact, sect has little or nothing to do with criminality. Any God fearing creed, that is well and ably taught, ought to make men and women honest and moral. Evil surroundings have more to do with the contamination of the young than the matter of creed. The Catholic church is the strictest of all Christian sects, and anybody who follows its teachings will do no wrong either to the state or to individuals. If it were not for ignorant, not to say infamous, attacks on the Catholic church, bigots like the Rev. Murray would, most likely, be peddling lightning rods.—ED]

After suffering horribly for years from scrofula in its worst form, a young son of Mr. R. L. King, 706 Franklin street, Richmond, Va., was recently cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. No other medicine can approach this preparation as a cleanser of the blood.

AN IMPORTANT NEW PUBLICATION.

The issue of "King's United States of To Day; a Handbook of all the States and Territories," marks the completion of a great enterprise. It is a marvelous summary of every fact covering the beginning, the growth and especially the present development and resources of each state and territory. Prof. Greenwood, a prominent educator, says it is "the most complete, compact, solidified, instructive and useful mass of information of all the states and territories that has ever been published." It is commended in similar terms by such men as Pres. Dwight of Yale, Pres. Adams of Cornell, Pres. Patton of Princeton, Wm. M. Evarts, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Cardinal Gibbons, and many others.

It contains complete maps of every state and territory, and about 3 000 fine engravings, showing the chief objects of interest, incluing grand scenery, chief cities, public buildings, educational institutions, manufactories, etc., etc. These with the array of statistics and vivid, concise, narrative, present a glowing picture with pen and pencil of the greatness and glory of our Republic, while the mass of information given is just what is needed for quick reference in every office, store, factory, shop and home in the land. It is sold by subscription, and as the price is only $2 50 it must meet with an immense sale. Agency may be secured by addressing C. B. Beach & Co., Publishers, Lakeside Building, Chicago.

Cursed by the Priest.

DUBLIN, April 17.—When Mrs. Connors and her family entered Bally Clough church, near Mallow, this morning, to attend mass several persons in the congregation cried "Grabber." Father Leadrew, the priest, at once left the altar, and as the persons who made the outcry started for the door he followed them, calling: "May the curse of God fall upon you for promoting such a sacrilege in God's house." The excitement in the church was intense and when Father Leadrew turned back to the altar all of the congregation except Mrs. Connors and her family left the building. The service, however, was carried out as usual.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

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Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Literary Notes.

Donahoe's *Monthly Magazine* for May is rich in its table of contents. We can only mention a few of the articles. There is a biographical sketch of the labors of the late Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin, with a good portrait. An Irish-American signally honored in the person of John Rooney, of Brooklyn, N. Y., by the Venezuelan government, with a portrait of the distinguished gentleman. Rev. James Halpin, C. C., writes about Irish affairs. Agnes Hampton gives us an account of the Catholic Members of Congress. God's Irish Brigade in Great Britain, tells the number of Irish priests in that country. Easter Sunday is an interesting article at this time. The Juvenile Department is suitable for the young and old. You must purchase the *Magazine* in order to arrive at its interesting contents. $2 a year, $1 for six months. Address Donahoe's *Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

To overcome the marks of age, all who have gray beards should use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, the best and cleanest dye made for coloring *brown* or *black*.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Feld of Fonteney.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued.)

The assizes came on; the ermined judges, with their dragoons and halbertmen, made pompous entrance into old Caislean-Barraighe. There was a jail delivery on a large scale. The list of capital offenses was large, executions frightfully frequent, and, looking with shuddering gaze from his cell window, Fergus saw many an unhappy culprit led betweet files of soldiers to the gallows. But his own trial was for some reason postponed.

He rarely saw the face of Elwood. As for Bingham, he seemed to have quite forgotten his vindictive threats.

Winter came on, and he shivered in the cold cell as the hail rattled against the window, and snow and frost impeded the sombre light. Many a design for escape he turned over in his mind, but only to abandon it in despair. He recollected how his ill-fated father had met his death wound in making an attempt for liberty—met it, perhaps, when trying to escape from this very cell, from that very window.

At length, shortly before Christmas, a companion captive was placed with him in the cell—a fine-looking man of about 35, with upright, sinewy frame, handsome and intellectual features, and all the manners and appearance of a gentleman.

The new-comer proved very affable and entertaining, full of humor and merry anecdote, and with a cheerful spirit which bade defiance to all the chill and gloom of the prison. He took kindly to Fergus, skilfully drew from him a relation of the circumstances of his arrest, and expressed much sympathy with him in his misfortune. To the youth's surprise, he made some particular inquiries about Edmund Bourke of Rappa.

"Indeed," remarked the stranger, "I was on my way to Tirawley to visit him when your meddlesome county governor and M. P. thought fit to arrest me on suspicion of something or other. Traveling, I find, is not very comfortable in Mayo—if a person misses a highwayman he meets a dragoon."

On the day following the stranger's incarceration Fergus was a surprised witness of a singular scene between him and one of the turnkeys. The latter was an elderly, snub-nozed individual, with a deep cicatrice traversing one side of his face. As he entered with the rough prison fare, a gleam of recognition shone in the eyes of the new captive.

"Flanagan!" he exclaimed in a loud whisper,—"Jerry Flanagan, is this you?"

The tin vessel fell with a crash from the man's hand and the thin porridge was scattered on the floor of the cell.

"Why, blessed stars! it can't be that I see——"

"Hush, hush, like a good fellow—I see that you haven't forgotten me."

"Forgot you, Captain!—forgot the hand that saved me from the sabre of the German hulan at Philipsburgh, when his next slash would have sent my head spinning on the grass, and I should not have got off with such a token of the occasion as this"—he pointed to the furrow in his cheek. "No, sir; many a day I served in your company in the Regiment de Dillon, many a time I levelled the bayonet at your order to charge; and, by this key, I always found you a good and gallant commander!"

"But how do I find you here, Flanagan? What a change from the uniform of the Brigade to that of a turnkey in Castlebar jail?"

Flanagan shook his head.

"I've been a rolling-stone all my life, Captain—never could keep steady at any one thing—so I soon got tired of soldiering. When I came home here to the old place a friend got me the situation I hold in the prison here—though sure 'tis little to my taste, and I can't help saying, *Fareer gair* for the old times!"

"Well, I am glad to see you again, my old soldier, though would that our meeting were under more pleasant circumstances. Ha, ha, you never expected, I daresay, to have your captain under lock and key?"

The turnkey stood for a moment in deep thought; then looked dubiously at Fergus.

"Can he be trusted?" he asked the stranger in a low voice.

"I should decidedly think so."

"Good."

The pair conversed for about a minute in low, earnest tones, and then Flanagan turned to quit the cell.

"I have robbed you of your breakfast," he remarked with a laugh, pointing to the fallen porridge.

"Never mind—with your help we shall soon be able to enjoy a more palatable meal," said the strange captive.

"We are in luck," whispered the latter to Fergus, as the turnkey departed, locking the door behind him; "if things go well we shall be free men before many hours. Here—lend a hand to tear this old coverlet into strips."

Next day about noon Flanagan rushed into the cell.

"Now's your time, Captain! The coast is clear along the corridor, and here are keys for the three doors between you and liberty. There is but one warder in the porch. Make haste—do as I told you."

"Quick, man—be alive!" the stranger said to Fergus.

The pair at once proceeded to gag and bind the turnkey, who patiently submitted to the operation. Then, leaving him stretched helpless on the floor of the cell, with every appearance of having been overcome and disabled, they took the keys and hurried out of the cell and along the corridor. They unlocked a massive door, and descended a stone stairs leading to the porch, at the bottom of which they encountered and opened another door.

As they passed through it their gaze rested on the figure of a turnkey, who was sitting on a chair with a bunch of keys in his hand. The man sprang to his feet on perceiving them, and raised a small whistle to his mouth; but ere he could use it the stranger bounded upon him like a tiger, and hurled him to the floor, the violent knock of his head on the hard flags rendering him insensible. One more door, the outer portal, remained to be unlocked. This was speedily done, and they were breathing the free air on the outside of the prison!

They quitted the dangerous precincts at as speedy a pace as they dared assume without risk of attracting attention. Three or four soldiers stood conversing within a few yards of the gate, but took no apparent notice of the escaping captives. Luckily for these latter it was market day in the old town of the Barrys. They plunged into a densely crowded street, shoving their way among groups of sellers and buyers, peasantry and townspeople, men in frieze and women in picturesque blue cloaks and red kerchiefs, among squealing bonnives tethered with straw ropes or *suggawns*, among donkeys laden with various kinds of produce, among stalls for the sale of fish, flesh, and fruit, among bundles of "sallies" and collections of creels, stools, and pig-troughs, and various other commodities that fill the streets of a provincial town on market day.

As they went along they caught sight of the face of Governor Elwood among the throng, and a moment afterwards a young officer brushed by them without taking notice of either. It was Cornet Tennison, who had commanded the escort that brought Fergus to Castlebar.

Suddenly the prison bell clanged out a sharp alarm, its tones sounding particularly spiteful and threatening in the ears of the fugitives. The sound made the crowd pause for a few moments in the midst of their occupations.

"Some poor devil has taken to his heels from that hell above," the pair heard a peasant remark to his better-half. "Lord grant that he may not be caught!"

"Lord send the poor wretch safe!" rejoined his better-half.

But now a loud scream of agony rang through the street, followed instantly by a roll of drums, and the crowd divided to make way for a dismal procession that camme slowly along. The redcoats of a double file of soldiers gleamed through the crowd as they marched with fixed bayonets on each side of a cart at the tail of which a man was being flogged. The unhappy sufferer was a Catholic laborer whom his master, Sir John Bingham (in accordance with the act of the Irish parliament of Willian III in 1695), had sentenced to be flogged in default of paying the legal fine of two shillings, for refusing through religious scruples to work on a holiday.

Fergus shuddered as he listened to the poor man's cries and caught sight of his lacerated flesh. When the cart had passed on its way he saw large gouts of gore reddening the trampled snow of the roadway.

He afterwards learned that the wretched man died under the torture. Tradition still preserves the memory of the cruel event.

"Come—let us hasten away into the country," said the stranger as they perceived some warders and soldiers running nimbly among the crowd.

"Hullo, by the glory of hell, here they are!" shouted a brutal voice near them. "Come on, boys, the birds are cotched!"

They perceived the priest-hunter, Shawn-na-Soggarth, rushing hurriedly towards them. With one impulse they fled down the street, Shawn pursuing, while several soldiers joined in the chase.

"Now show courage! The horses, lad—the horses!" exclaimed the stranger, snatching an ash sapling from a peasant's hand as he ran.

Right before them, at the door of a public house, stood a boy holding the bridles of two dragoons' horses, fully accoutred, the riders being evidently within the tavern solacing themselves with pints of beer. Hurling the boy aside, the stranger sprang into one of the vacant saddles. Fergus promptly followed his example by leaping into the other. Scarce was he mounted when the foremost pursuer came up and made a clutch at the reins. But the animal's head swerved aside, and the priest-hunter measured his unwieldy length on the stones, to receive next instant a violent stroke from one of the flying hoofs as the fugitives rode off at a stirring pace.

A storm of cries and imprecations rose from the rest of the pursuers, but little heed paid the escaping captives.

"Stop jailbirds! Stop them, stop them—stop thief!"

"Stop us who can," exclaimed the stranger with a light hearted laugh as they dashed along. "Hallo! not quite out of the woods yet; who is this in front of us?"

"It is Sir John Bingham!" said Fergus as he caught sight of the features of the burly horseman who appeared on the road before them.

It was indeed the governor of the county. Hearing the cries of "Stop thief!" in the distance, he at once took the alarm, drew a pistol, and presented it at the stranger.

"Halt, sirr, or I fire!"

The stranger never altered his speed. Bang! went the pistol, the ball whistling by his ear, and next instant his stout sapling caught Bingham with great force on the side of the head, precipitating him from the saddle.

"So much for the county governor," observed the stranger; "and now I think our course is clear."

"Ay, but whither shall we go?" inquired Fergus.

"To Roscommon—to Loughglynn," replied the other decisively.

Next evening, in the early winter twilight, after a variety of adventures on their lengthy journey, they rode into the ancient territory of the O'Flynns, saw Slieve O'Flynn raising its snowy crest to the south, rode along the one isled lake that took its name from the old sept—Loughglynn being merely a contraction of Lough O'Flynn—and drew rein at the gate of the ancestral castle, "brown with the rust of ages"—the castle where powder had once been manufactured for the soldiers of the Irish army of the Confederation.

Dismounting, they gave the horses in charge to a servant and entered the hall.

"My lord is at home?" queried the stranger of a second servant; but the latter looked at him with some hesitation.

"Oh! he is then—you need not fear to say 'yes,' for Viscount Dillon will scarcely refuse to see *me*"

"What name, sir?"

"Humph! well you can say Captain Archer in default of a better one—but stay! here is my lord himself."

As he spoke a man of distinguished appearance came towards them along the hall. The stranger addressed him with easy familiarity:

"Well, Dillon, you scarcely expected to see me here, I presume?"

Lord Dillon's face lit up with a sudden look of recognition. Stepping forward with outstretched hand he uttered one word in tones of mingled pleasure and suprise:

"Lally!"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Cois na Fairge.

Feadghaoil fhuar gheur
Na gaoithe geire fuaire;
Sior-shéideadh tríd an spéir,
Ochl liom féin is uaigneach.

Ard-thorann na d-tonn,
A's iad go trom ag bualadh;
An gharbh-ghair, aidhbheul, árd,
Le mo chroidhe crádhte, b'uaigneach.

Na faoileáin ag filleadh 'san spéir,
Ag geur-sgreadghaoil thar na cuantaibh;
Sgread agus sgriosh na n-eun
Le mo chroidhe féin, och, b'uaigneach.

Guth na gaoithe is na taoide
Ag sior-throid le cogadh cumhaichtach:
Muir, tír, spéir, a's séideadh na gaoithe,
Och, uile go léir is uaigneach.

AN CRAOIBHIN AOIBHIN.

—*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*

THE WRONGS OF INDIA.

[To *the Editor.*]

I have, in common with many others, my suffering and enslaved country, often read in your eloquent paper splendid appeals you have much to countrymen at home and abroad to for the deliverance of Ireland from accursed English yoke. Let me now in your columns the cause of the only other enslaved nation under England's empire—downtrodden India. At of the British empire is made of colonies composed mainly of men of English race and blood. Therefore, although constitutional agitation may very well for the Cape of Good Hope, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, for Ireland and India there is remedy: that solitary remedy which history shows us to be the sole one which ever freed a persecuted nation—*the sword!* But war is a terrible thing: the sword is a terrible remedy save and except we have a just cause. You have often enough proved in the columns of THE CITIZEN that with Ireland it is not a question of whether there is cause enough, it is merely a question of opportunism alone. As for India, here are a few, a very few, of the heartrending wrongs she at present groans under. Say, Irish lovers of liberty, do they justify a revolution? First, the mere fact that 280,000,000 people are governed by an entirely foreign race, who gained their supremacy by perjury, base intrigue, and open robbery, and uphold it by the same methods. Second, That these robbers carry forty millions of money annually out of India without the slightest return being made. The Indians being averse to intoxicating drink, the English could not raise money by this nefarious traffic, and accordingly have imposed a tax on salt—one of the necessaries of life in India. Then we have soldiers getting Indian money to live on in their old age at home—many of them also brother Irish slaves—for cutting Indian throats; civil servants getting money for helping to rob, cheat and kick the natives. English banks, English railroad companies, and English stockbrokers all exploiting India. Third, England, in order to try to raise more money, is trying to encourage and subsidize the horrible opium traffic. This will also emasculate and demoralize the natives. Fourth, There have been, in addition to the twenty millions of Hindoos who have perished in trying directly to fight England, countless millions more starved to death by famines; some, we have reason to believe, carefully "got up" by England, others the result of the scientific bleeding of our country.

Even when anarchy, or almost anarchy, reigned in places under the last weak-minded puppets of the Mogul empire, the country was a Garden of Eden compared to what it is now. Those English hypocrites talk of famines in Russia. Oh, God, what Pharisees! The English government encourages faction fighting between Hindoos and Mahommedans to keep up their own empire. They have crushed out Indian manufactures to flood India with Lancashire trash, and make liberal Lancashire men millionaires with their sons M Ps to do "justice" to Ireland. No Indian can be viceroy of India, chief justice, an officer in the army, a volunteer, or carry arms.

And having robbed us, the English generally look upon us with contempt and call us "niggers," "black men," etc. They have also represented us as "black devils" during the Sepoy rising, whereas they were the devils from hell, who blew men from the cannon's mouth to destroy their souls and bodies, and butchered Indian women and children in cold blood; and yet, Mr. Editor, some of these Irish in the British army were afterwards '67 men! At present they are plundering and robbing native states as fast as they can because they are a standing eyesore and reproach to England.

A little organization between the Irish and Indian soldiers would have wrought miracles in '57. I then beseech you to do your best among the Irish in America to bring about a rapprochement. ***

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Literary Notes.

The *New England Magazine* has arranged for the publication of an important series of illustrated articles upon Chicago, the city of the World's Fair. It is believed that such a series of articles will find a warm welcome and wide reading all over the United States and abroad. No pains will be spared to make it the most complete and valuable series of articles, both in point of literary treatment and wealth of illustration, which has ever been devoted to the great capital of the West by any American magazine. The series will be opened by an article of rare historical interest on "Early Visitors to Chicago," by Edward G. Mason, with many valuable and curious pictures, maps and fac-similes, illustrating the period of early exploration. This will be followed by articles on "The Heart of Chicago," also illustrated, by Franklin H. Head; "The Chicago Fire," by Joseph Kirkland; "Art in Chicago," by Miss Lucy B. Monroe; and "The Libraries of Chicago," by William F. Poole. Other articles will be devoted to "Literary Chicago;" "The Packing Industry of Chicago," "Religion in Chicago," "Education in Chicago," "New England in Chicago," etc., all prepared by the ablest Chicago writers in their respective fields, and are richly illustrated. The *New England Magazine* has published many valuable articles by Chicago writers during the last two years, and in the immediate future it will publish much besides the special series of articles on Chicago, which will have special interest for Chicago readers. Mr. Henry H. [illegible]field, the principal of Chicago Manual Training School, is preparing an article on "Manual Training in America," in which the Chicago Manual Training School will receive conspicuous treatment. Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, recently president of the Chicago Woman's Club, will contribute a striking critical paper upon Howells; and articles may be expected from Rev. John H. Barrows, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. F. W Gunsaulus, Louis J. Block, William M. Salter, Henry D. Lloyd and other Chicago writers.

Considerable interest has been manifested regarding the first number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* to be issued under the editorial management of Mr. Howells. The magazine has furnished a list of names which promises something quite unusual for the May number. The authors, whose work appears in this issue, are James Russell Lowell, Thomas W. Higginson, Murat Halstead, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Brander Matthews, Edward Everett Hale, Edgar Fawcett, Edward L. Garner, John Bay, Luther [illegible] Billings, Henry James, Prof. S. P. [illegible]ley, Frank R. Stockton, Dudley Buck, Theodore Roosevelt, H. H. Boyesen, Sarah Orne Jewett, Gertrude Smith, Lilla Cabot Perry, William Wilfrid Campbell, William Dean Howells. And the same number is illustrated by Walter Crane, C. S. Reinhart, Wilson de Meza, E. W. Kemble, George Wharton Edwards, Charles Howard Johnson, William M. Chase, F. S. Church, Frederic Remington, Dan Beard, Henry Sandham, Louis J. Rhead. A well known New York critic, who has examined the proof sheets, pronounces it the strongest number of an American magazine ever issued.

Successful shows of mares were held at Maryborough, Naas and Rathdowney recently under the scheme of the Royal Dublin Society for the improvement of the breed of horses in Ireland. It is gratifying to find the farmers of the country so eagerly availing themselves of the advantages afforded by this scheme—advantages which, it must be admitted, were much needed, and that, for a large number of farmers, could not otherwise be gained. The stimulus and encouragement thus given to the breeding of a better class of horses in the country cannot fail to be of the utmost importance to the country and profitable to the farmers.

All women who are overworked, "run-down," or debilitated, need just one medicine—and that is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a broad statement, but facts bear it out. These are the facts:

If you're a weak and delicate woman, then the "Favorite Prescription" builds you up; if you suffer from any of the painful disorders and derangements peculiar to your sex, it relieves and cures. It invigorates the system, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. All the chronic weaknesses, irregularities, and disturbances known as "female complaints" are completely and permanently cured by it.

These are *facts*, and they're strong enough to warrant the makers in *guaranteeing* their remedy. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. No other medicine for women is sold on such terms. That proves that nothing else can be "just as good."

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

PRICE: Full Cloth, $2.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City

ANOTHER GRAND RUSH.

Cheyenne and Arapahoe Reservation Opened.

FORTY THOUSAND PEOPLE ENTER IT.

The Signal Sounded Promptly at Noon, Followed by a Cheer—Then the Long Lines of Horsemen and Footmen Plunge Forward and Are Soon Lost to Sight—A Project to Open All the Indian Reservations to Settlement.

EL RENO, O. T., April 19.—Morning broke upon the camps of the land hunters with a heavy fog and a light drizzle which threatened to turn into a heavy downpour of rain as the day grew older. This turned the ground in the vicinity of the streams into a quagmire of red mud of the consistency and adhesive quality of glue and filled the owners of fast horses, who had counted upon their animals to carry them first across the line, with dismay. On the other hand, those who were on foot looked upon the lowering clouds with glee, as a heavy track, in sporting parlance, meant an equal chance for all. All the camps were early astir. On the line west of this place most of the boomers were up and had broken camp long before daylight. Wagons were greased, harness overlooked, horses rubbed down and every precaution taken to insure the best possible results when the final struggle came.

The Signal Given.

Five minutes to noon. A color sergeant and two men march forth on to the parade ground bearing the garrison flag. Quickly adjusting it to the halyards they begin to hoist it to the top of the high staff. Half way up the flag stops for a moment, but quickly resumes its upward journey. At last it reaches the top and flutters in the mist-laden air. It is high noon. As the top edge of the flag touches the little round truck that surmounts the flagstaff a six-pound brass Napoleon in the center of the parade ground belches forth a cloud of white smoke that rolls along the ground. This is followed by a flash, and a few seconds latter the waiting crowd hears a dull heavy boom. It is followed by another and another, musketry rattles, a cheer goes up, and the long lines of horsemen and footmen plunge forward. Red mud flies in every direction, plastering man and beast. The lines string out, the weaker falling behind. Soon all have disappeared. The Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation is open.

Forty Thousand Land Hunters.

The excitement which culminated at noon grew all Monday night. Those frugal and acquisitive persons who have reaped a harvest for some weeks by charging $5 for the privilege of sleeping in a chair or a dry goods box in a barroom found their income much curtailed. Nobody apparently cared to sleep, and the hours of the night were passed in planning the campaign for the day or in playing cards and telling stories. There was surprisingly little drunkenness. No one cared to risk his chances in the rush by acquiring a "jag" which would render him topheavy on horseback or unsteady on foot, and the consequence was that, except for the inevitable excitement, the boomers went over the border as orderly as an army on dress parade. Forty thousand is probably about the number of persons who entered the territory when the cannon sounded the signal at noon.

MORE LAND TO BE OPENED.

Scheme to Turn Over All the Reservations to the Public.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—The present congress is furthering a line of procedure with reference to the wild Indians that must have very important results. It looks to the ending of the Indian as a ward and opening all the reservations into public lands. During the past year negotiations have been concluded with nearly all the wild Indian tribes for the surrender of reservations or the parts that are not needed by the red men. The president in special messages has informed congress of these things during the last winter and now it remains for congress to take favorable action in the matter in order to add to the public domain land aggregating about 8,000,000, acres, most of which is of great value.

The enormous territory is the quantity remaining—the amount left for settlement after deducting the area which will be taken up by the Indians themselves under the allotment act. Besides the Sisseton tract the lands soon to be restored to the public domain are: In Oklahoma, the Kickapoo, Tonkaway, and Wichita reservations, or parts or certain parts of these reservations, and land belonging to the Cherokees; some portions of the Colville reservation in Washington; the Pyramid lake reservation in Nevada, and the Shoshone reservation in Wyoming. It is not known whether congress will take the requisite action in the premises for opening these lands at this session, but strong influence will be exerted to this end by the administration and by interested outsiders.

Didn't Intend to Shoot Himself.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., April 19.—J. J. Vasconcelles, a Wabash conductor, suspected his wife of infidelity. He told her Sunday that he was going to Chicago, but only went to Decatur, coming back at 10:30 p. m. He saw his wife at the station and saw a man follow her home. Vasconcelles got home first and as the two entered the house he confronted them. The man sprang on Vasconcelles and the latter fired three shots, putting one bullet through the man's lungs and another through his own leg. The Lothario is R. S. Palmer, and a feature of the scandal is that he addressed a religious meeting at the Methodist church Sunday night, and went straight from the meeting to his appointment with the woman.

The Case of Alice Mitchell.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—Lawyer Edrington of Memphis has been here securing affidavits for use in the defense of Alice Mitchell, indicted for the murder of Freda Ward. He learned that Alice Mitchell's mother's maiden name was Isabella Scott and that insanity is hereditary in the Scott family. The Memphis lawyer took his affidavits to New York, where he expects to submit them to insanity experts.

The Inevitable Will Contest.

BOSTON, April 19.—The probate of the will of G. F. T. Reed, which contains a $50,000 bequest for a public library in Buckeye, Peoria county, Ills., and $20,000 to the Boston Homeopathic association, has been withheld owing to a notice of contest made by some relatives of the deceased.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Kenosha, Wis., Suffers to the Extent of $250,000—Other Blazes.

KENOSHA, Wis., April 19.—Fire broke out Tuesday morning at 3 o'clock in the factory of the Northwestern Mattress company, in the eastern part of the city on the lake front, close to the government pier. The local fire department appeared half an hour after the alarm was given and the fire was beyond control, completely destroying the mattress works. The works had a frontage of 300 feet on the lake by 150 in width. The flames then spread to the works of the Kenosha Crib company, completely destroying them and the Baldwin coal yard on the river bank.

Loss Estimated at $250,000.

Thence the fire spread to the Head and Sutherland yard covering four squares. The burnt district extends from Exchange street to the river on the north and south to Market street, and east to the lake. Two engines came from Racine, two from Milwaukee, and one from Waukegan, which, with the local engines, finally got the fire in check. The loss is roughly estimated at $250,000. The Northwestern Mattress company had $58,000 insurance on its plant. The company lost between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000 feet of dry maple lumber, upon which it is estimated there was an insurance of $100,000.

Dyeing Works Destroyed.

NEW YORK, April 19.—The Staten Island Dyeing works at West New Brighton, S. I., were burned, with a large quantity of goods ready for shipment to stores in various cities at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning. The estimated loss is $100,000; insurance, $40,000.

Flames at Fulton, Ky.

PADUCAH, Ky., April 19.—Fire has destroyed the Farmers' tobacco warehouse at Fulton. The Whitsell and Field block and three other buildings were also burned. The total loss will reach $50,000.

SEVEN WERE KILLED.

Frightful Result of the Powder Works Explosion in New Jersey.

MOUNT ARLINGTON, N. J., April 19.—Seven men were blown to atoms by the explosion of the American Forcite Powder company's works at Lake Hopatcong. The names of five of the men killed are as follows: J. D. Smith, superintendent of the works, married and leaves a widow and one child; Jacob Carlson, aged 35 years, married and leaves five children; William Pierce, aged 28 years, married and leaves a widow and two children; James Vagh, aged 26 years, unmarried; A. Johnson, aged 30 years, unmarried. Another body has been recognized as that of a Swede, whose name is unknown. Two men were injured. One of them, Benjamin Cassimore, is so terribly burned and mangled that he will probably die.

The Cause a Mystery.

The explosion occurred a few minutes after 3 o'clock, and five buildings were shattered. What caused the explosion will never be known. The works of the company consist of a number of small buildings, scattered at about a distance of 300 feet from each other. Most of the buildings were used in the mixing process, and only one man was employed in each. The other buildings, which stand further away from the lake on the side of the mountain, are used for the storage of dynamite, nitroglycerine, and detonators. The works have been frequently the scenes of explosions, but never to such an extent as this last one.

BRUSH WITH REVOLUTIONISTS.

A Texas Sheriff Runs Across a Party of Garza's Men.

SAN ANTONIA, April 19.—The following dispatch was received Monday from Rio Grande City, signed by United States Deputy Marshal Van Eyser: "On April 17 at sunrise at a point forty-five miles north of here W. W. Shelly, sheriff of Starr county, with seven men suddenly came upon a detachment of twenty revolutionists. Both sides stood their ground and a fight ensued. At the first fire the sheriff and J. B. Caralino were wounded. The revolutionists were too strong, and the officers, being unable to cope with them, successfully beat a retreat. Two of the revolutionists were killed, but none of them were captured alive. Troop G, United States Third cavalry, left Monday for the scene of the fight." The news of the outbreak has created much excitement along the border.

Their Watches Assessed.

MINNEAPOLIS, April 19.—Railroad trainmen centering at Fort Dodge, Ia., are up in arms because each has been assessed for the first time for a watch valued at $150. They declare that unless the board of equalization releases them they will boycot the town and buy by the wholesale elsewhere. The trainmen contend that a watch is necessary in their trade and therefore exempt from taxation. Merchants are alarmed and will endeavor to get the assessment withdrawn, as they would lose the trade of about 200 men if it stood and the workmen carried out their threat.

Edward Everett Hale's Birthday.

BOSTON, April 19.—The birthday of Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale was observed Monday afternoon by a reception in the Hotel Vendome parlors, followed by a banquet in the evening. Prominent among those who paid their respects were Governor Russell, Biship Phillips Brooks, General Butler, Hon Rufus Frost and Edward Atkinson. The banquet was a brilliant affair and it was a distinguished company that graced the occasion.

Painters on Strike in Chicago.

CHICAGO, April 19.—The Painters' and Decorators' union, with a membership of 2,700, inaugurated a strike Monday for a minimum scale of 32½ cents per hour. Demands were made on W. P. Nelson & Co. and J. B. Sullivan, two of the largest firms in the city. Both firms refused to grant the advance and their men were called out. Unless the Master Painters' association comes to terms within a few days all the painters in the city will strike.

Battle with Moonshiners.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 19.—A desperate fight between United States authorities and a band of moonshiners took place near Big Bay, Ark., in which T. C. Bryant, one of the moonshiners, was killed. The marshal's posse captured several stills and a quantity of beer and whisky.

Defaulter Declared Insane.

CHARLESTON, April 19.—Robert T. Burnham, who defaulted with about $50,000 belonging to the Assistance Building and Loan association, has been declared insane by two reputable physicians and his relatives will try to have him placed in an asylum.

FRANCE AFTER SPOILS.

Startling Explanation of the War Upon Dahomey.

VAST AMOUNTS OF BURIED BULLION

Said To Be Within the Precincts of the King's Palace—The London Times' Review of the Outlook for the May Day Demonstration—Two Million Socialists Expected to Take Part—Other Old World News of Interest.

LONDON, April 18.—The Globe prints a communication from a gentleman described as in a position to be well informed on the subject, in which a startling explanation is given of the preparations being made by France for a war upon Dahomey. The correspondent says it is believed on good grounds that an immense treasure, the accumulation of two centuries, is buried in Ahomey, the capital of Dahomey. Allowing largely for exaggerations, the treasure is said to be worth 500,000,000 francs.

How the French Heard of It.

It is known that the successive kings of Dahomey have buried vast quantities of bullion within the precincts of the palace in a number of large pits. Authentic reports of the existence of this treasure reached the French through the missionaries and traders, and this accounts for the fact that though the rebels are said to have withdrawn from their threatened attack on the French settlements, the French are eagerly continuing the military preparations for a march on Ahomey.

MAY DAY DEMONSTRATION.

The Authorities Do Not Expect Trouble, but Will Be Prepared.

LONDON, April 18.—The Times makes a review of the outlook for the May Day labor demonstrations. It analyses the returns from the various capitals of the continent, and says it is expected that a very imposing celebration will be held in France. In various sections of the country the socialists have coalesced to enable them to take part in the same processions. The leaders expect that 2,000,000 socialists alone will take part in the processions in different towns on May Day.

The authorities do not expect any disturbances, but measures will be taken to suppress them should they occur. The chief demand of the May Day celebrators will be for an international eight-hour working day. In Paris the cabmen and the steamboat employes will suspend work on May Day. The news from other countries, The Times says, is not so reassuring as it is from France, and should trouble occur it would occasion no surprise to the public.

Riotous Election in Barcelona.

BARCELONA, April 18.—There was a by-election Sunday for member of the cortes and partisan feeling ran so high that many riots occurred. A number of people were wounded in these encounters. Two armed men raided one polling both and smashed the box, destroying the ballots. Spectators who interfered were attacked by the men with knives and were unable to prevent the outrage or to capture the miscreants. The result of the polling was the election of Salmeron, the well-known Republican who was defeated in the election of February, 1891.

Storm Damage in England.

LONDON, April 18.—Soldiers are assisting the telegraph linemen in repairing the damage caused by the storm in many parts of the country. The damage by storm and flood is great in southeast England. In Essex the melting snow has caused the rivers to rise and do great damage to crops and farms. The potato crop on the Island of Jersey has been almost destroyed by frost. Snow is falling heavily in North Wales and the adjoining section of England.

Father Martie's Murderer Caught.

MADRID, April 18.—The police have arrested the assassin of Father Francisco Martie, who was beheaded while conducting services in a church at Anglesola, in the province of Lerida, on Good Friday. The murderer has been identified.

CUT HER BABE'S THROAT.

Horrible Deed of a Mother Who Became Suddenly Insane.

PORTLAND, Me., April 18.—Sunday afternoon a shocking affair took place in Emerson street at the east end. Mrs. James Robertson cut the throat of her 3-months-old baby and then tried to kill herself. The husband of the woman was in the upper room at the time. He heard insane shrieks and laughter from his wife, ran downstairs and found her brandishing a razor over her head. On her lap lay the dead babe, its throat cut from ear to ear. As soon as the unfortunate woman saw her husband she tried to cut her own throat, hacking at it several times.

Her Wounds Not Serious.

Mr. Robertson sprang to the side of his wife and caught her arm, shouting for help. Two policemen happened to be near by and ran in, rescuing the maniac. She was taken to the police station and from there to the city hospital. Her wounds are not serious, but it is thought she will not live. She has been afflicted with the grip during the spring and the disease left her in a low physical condition. When her babe was born the mother's reason was impaired, but she showed no symptoms of real insanity until Sunday.

Captain Yocum Pardoned.

LINCOLN, Neb., April 18.—Governor Boyd has issued a pardon to Captain A. D. Yocum, who was Friday sentenced to one year's imprisonment by the district court judge at Hastings for the killing of Myron Vanfleet, correspondent of a sensational sheet at Lincoln. Vanfleet, it is alleged, had written a scurrilous article attacking the chastity of the captain's daughter, who, the article alleged, had eloped with a negro coachman. Captain Yocum was absent when the article appeared, but when he returned he investigated the matter, and, claiming to have discovered that Vanfleet was its author, he shot him down in the street.

Body Found in a Settling Basin.

ST. LOUIS, April 18.—The body of a man supposed to be George S. McCullough of Pittsburg, Pa., was found in one of the settling basins of the waterworks at Grand avenue Monday morning, and the indications are that he was a railroad man and that he was out of employment. A letter from Minnie Ross of Pittsburg was found in his clothing.

THE NEW ORLEANS LYNCHING.

Uncle Sam Pays $25,000 Over to the Families of the Victims.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—Inquiry in this city confirms the statement coming from Rome that a complete and amicable settlement has been reached in the international difficulties between the United States and Italy growing out of the New Orleans tragedy. The government of the United States has voluntarily taken the initiative in closing the breach, and recognizing the claim for indemnity as an act of justice and from motives of comity, has placed in the hands of the Marquis Imperiali, the Italian charge d'affaires here, the sum of 125,000 francs, or $25,000, for distribution among the heirs of the three Italians who were killed at New Orleans and were found to be subjects of the Italian government. This is done without prejudice to any proceedings the victims of mob law may institute against the city of New Orleans for damages. The Italian government has accepted the tender and declared diplomatic relations resumed.

Minister Porter Ordered to Rome.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 15.—Hon. Albert G. Porter, minister to Italy, Friday morning received a telegram from Secretary Blaine requesting him to return to Rome at his earliest convenience. Mr. Porter has accordingly prepared to leave for Washington Sunday afternoon, the telegram directing him to report there. Minister Porter expresses satisfaction at the settlement and says that it means the return of Baron Fava.

Satisfaction in Italy.

ROME, April 15.—The newspapers contain editorials on the settlement of the New Orleans difficulty. They are unanimous in expressing satisfaction with the terms offered by the United States government and the acceptance of the same by Italy, and the hope is earnestly expressed that the friendly relations now resumed will never be interrupted in the future.

CROP PROSPECTS.

Reports Received from Grain Dealers of Six Important States.

TOLEDO, April 18.—During the past four days Messrs. C. A. King & Co., have received 2,000 crop reports from the grain dealers of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Kansas and Missouri, which raise two-thirds of the winter wheat crop of the United States. Six hundred report present prospects excellent; 1,000 an average crop; 300 a poor crop, and 150 only half a crop.

Best Prospects in Michigan.

The reports make present prospects for an average wheat crop in the states named. Michigan reports the best prospects, being above an average, while Indiana and Illinois shows nearly as well. Ohio promises below an average, as do Kansas and Miss[illegible] from which the reports are not quite [illegible] Prospects have improved in [illegible] since two weeks ago, when [illegible] l bureau report for April Indiana shows the most [illegible] d Missouri the least. Over [illegible] from a small to a decided [illegible] ving to more favorable [illegible] ere was a much smaller [illegible] r-killed than usual, nearly [illegible] that none had been killed.

Not Selling at Present.

[illegible] out a quarter of the last [illegible] emaining in those states. [illegible] rts the largest percentage; [illegible] na next, while Illinois and [illegible] the smallest. Farmers are [illegible] resent, partly owing to bad [illegible] e majority they will sell [illegible] prospects for the growing [illegible] ome worse, but a quarter of [illegible] farmers are now disposed [illegible] urplus over unless prices

SURRENDERED TO THE TROOPS.

The Cattlemen Who Were Barricaded in the Tar Ranch.

BUFFALO, Wyo., April 14. — Early Wednesday morning the sheriff and re-enforcements from Fort McKinney, consisting of three troops of United States cavalry, reached the Tar ranch. The cattlemen were still barricaded in the ranch buildings and the besieging party of rustlers was firing brisk volleys into their intrenchments and but few shots were returned. As the troops appeared the rustlers ceased firing. Colonel Van Horn, in command of the troops, together with the sheriff, reconnoitered the ground and then marched within long rifle range of the ranch and dismounted his men.

Escorted to Fort McKinney.

Colonel Van Horn and the sheriff with flags of truce advanced to within 100 yards of the outer fortification, where they were met by a representative of the besieged cattle men. After a short parley the stockmen surrendered to Colonel Van Horn and were at once escorted to Fort McKinney, where they are at present under the protection of the troops. The rustlers offered no objection to the cattle men surrendering to Colonel Van Horn. During the almost incessant firing which has been kept up for the last two days on the besieged party only two men were wounded—one severely. Their names cannot be learned. None of the rustlers were hurt.

Co-Operative Town Company.

ELIZABETH, Tenn., April 15.—The first annual meeting of the Co-Operative Town company took place here Thursday. Among those present were Robert P. Porter, Benjamin Butterworth, Senators Harris and Carlisle and other prominent members of the company. The report of President Porter showed a most encouraging state of affairs. Railroad connections with the proposed town are guaranteed by the leading corporations. Enough stock has already been subscribed for to practically pay for all the company's purchases, amounting to nearly $400,000.

Baptist University Consolidation.

CHICAGO, April 15.—At the closing session of the Baptist Theological union the resolution was formally adopted which ends the existence of the Baptist Union Theological seminary at Morgan Park and consolidates it with the Chicago university under the title of Divinity school. Dr. George W. Northrup, for a quarter of a century president of the seminary, resigned, but will continue to occupy the chair of Christian theology in the Divinity school. Dr. E. B. Hurlburt will probably be given the presidency.

The Flood in the South.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., April 18.—The railroad situation, as regards the floods, is unchanged. The damage done in Green, Sumter and Marengo counties is great. News has been received of the drowning of John Langstone and his wife and twelve children while attempting to cross the Tombigbee in a skiff which capsized.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Important Happenings of the Past Few Days Briefly Stated.

The Minnesota crop bulletin shows that seeding is late, and that in many places the ground is too wet. Winter wheat is in poor condition.

Ten "whalebacks" are under construction at West Superior. The total length of vessels under construction or under contract at West Superior is one mile.

A gondola freight car, designed to transport passengers to and from the World's fair, is being experimented with at Pittsburg. After the fair such cars are to be converted into receptacles for freight.

"Prince Michael" Mills and his "spiritual" wife," Lizzie Courts, have been put in jail at Detroit. Their bonds were adjudged to be worthless.

Boomers have already formed in line at the Watertown (S. D.) land office, awaitidg the opening of the Sisseton reservation, which takes place at noon April 15.

The effort to gather all the glass factories in the Ohio valley outside the United States combine into a trust has fallen through.

A fight between Irish and Italian miners at the Franklin mine, near Ishpeming, Mich., resulted in several men being seriously stabbed. A man named Kelly was killed. No arrests have been made.

Saturday the visible supply of grain was: Wheat, 41,178,000 bushels; increase, 150,000. Corn, 10,888,000 bushels; decrease, 651,000.

T. J. Mellon, a contractor of Lagrange, Ills., is alleged to have attempted to bribe Alderman Franz of Freeport, Ills.

The Illinois river has overflowed its banks, and hundreds of acres of land in the vicinity of Beardstown are under water.

The Volunteer mine of Palmer, Mich., has laid off 2.5 men.

Horse show day was celebrated at Lexington, Ky., many horsemen being present. The stock on exhibition was valued at over $1,000,000.

Mr. Goschen, chancellor of the exchequer, presented the budget to the house of commons of England. The budget shows a surplus of £1,067,000.

Dr. M. E. Horine of Chicago has brought suit at Kansas City against Alfredo Barili, a nephew of Adelina Patti, for $5,000 damages for alienating his wife's affections.

* * *

Dr. Foglesong of Waldron, Mich., held for the murder of his wife, has been stricken with paralysis and cannot recover.

It is now known that Deeming, the Aus- Halifax. While there he exhibited a letter he had received from Kate Endowes, who was murdered in the Whitechapel district in London a few weeks afterward.

Philip Furry of Galena, Ills., has been arrested charged with using old cigar boxes contrary to law and with selling liquor without a license.

A. J. Brazir, a brakeman, was killed while coupling cars at Marshfield, Wis.

Bernard Reiss has been indicted at San Francisco for smuggling.

Stockmen along the Cheyenne river in South Dakota have begun a war for the extermination of wolves, which are killing large numbers of young calves and colts.

Adam Eck of St. Paul, Ind., cut William Reardon's throat from ear to ear, inflicting a fatal wound. Eck had been on a protracted drunk.

Prince George, son of the Prince of Wales, will, it is announced, visit the World's fair in 1893.

The T. C. Shove Banking company of Manitowoc, Wis., has made an assignment. No statement has been made yet.

Thomas Blanton has been arrested at Carthage, Mo., on the charge of moonshining.

Orville Love of Marion, Ind., was found dead in the road near his home. The murderer is unknown.

Mrs. Fred Feller of Wabash, Ind., disappeared from home last Sunday. Her friends fear she has met with violence.

Peoria county, Ills., Republicans in convention indorsed President Harrison and Governor Fifer, and recommended that the compulsory school law be repealed.

The net earnings of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railroad for 1891 were $3,955,723, a decrease of $31,611 as compared with 1890. Net profits show an increase of $362,057.

The works of the Manitowoc, Wis., Furniture Manufacturing company were burned. Loss, $200,000; insurance, $80,000.

Postmaster Fritts of Trout Lake, Mich., who absconded recently, is said to have taken the contents of over one hundred registered letters, in all over $10,000.

Easter holidays will be observed in the grain and provision markets in London from next Thursday until the following Tuesday.

Henrich Schiller, a wealthy farmer, died at Oshkosh, Wis., from injuries received by being gored by a bull.

* * *

Abram Detmars of Hudson township, Mich., has fallen heir to $100,000, left by his brother, John V. Detmars of Geneva, N. Y.

Jeff Weaver of Center, Ala., cruelly illtreated his 5-year-old daughter. His neighbors gave him 100 lashes and he has left the town.

F. H. Clinton, a shoe dealer of Glencoe, Minn., shot himself to death.

S. J. Chissum, claiming to be from Chicago, has been arrested at Hot Springs, Ark., for attempting to pass a raised bank note.

Mary Johnson, the 14-year-old daughter of respectable parents of Coldwater, Mich., is missing. It is feared that she has been foully dealt with.

Dr. Chauncey M. Depew will deliver the oration on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of General Grant's tomb.

While the life-saving crew at Coquielle City, Or., was practicing the boat was capsized and Captain Nelson and three of the crew drowned.

A ukase has been issued prohibiting even naturalized foreigners settling outside the towns in Volhynia, Russia, possessing real estate unless they embrace the religion of the orthodox Greek church.

Leading Russian generals have left St. Petersburg to take command of troops on the frontier, so it is said.

During the month of March 1,085,997 bushels of wheat were marketed in Michigan. The condition of the growing crop is reported to be excellent.

Fire at Orange, Tex., did $50,000 damage to the Bancroft Saw Mill company's mill and lumber yard. Insurance, $33,000.

The standards of the British yard measure and the British pound weight are deposited in the wall of the house of commons underneath the window at the second landing of the staircase, where a brass tablet testifies to their presence. They were placed there in 1853.

Annie Kirkwood, 11 years old, of Upland, Ind., and Minnie Tucker, 7 years old, of Ada, Mich., were burned to death while playing around burning brush heaps.

A man named Pearson, his four sons, and a man named Dempsey have been arrested in Winston county, Miss., for robbing the mails.

* * *

Massmeetings will be held in Paris the 23d of April to organize strikes, especially of the drivers of public conveyances.

During January, 1892, Michigan railroads earned $7,759,225, an increase of 11.7 per cent. over the corresponding month last year.

Congressman Edward Lane of the Seventeenth Illinois district has been renominated by the Democrats.

Stocks of unsold pig iron in the country March 31 aggregated 759 599 tons, an increase of 132,266 gross tons more than on Dec. 31.

At Dortmund, Germany, a woman named Kruz and her son were beheaded for killing the woman's husband.

The secretary of the British Society of Arts writes that the government has increased the Chicago World's fair grant £60,000, thus enabling the commission to allow space free to exhibitors.

Indications are that navigation in Lake Superior will be opened by April 18 or 19 at the latest. The ice in Mud lake is very soft and beginning to move.

W. J. Sprague, a middle aged married man, had his skull crushed at the Washburn-Moen works at Waukegan, Ills., by getting his head caught in an engine. Death resulted instantly.

W. O. Fishback, editor of the Terre Haute (Ind.) Express, has been fined $100 and given thirty days in jail by Judge Taylor for accusing the judge of corrupt motives in suspending a grand jury investigation in a sewer scandal case.

William Little, of the town of Algoma, near Oshkosh, Wis., committed suicide by hanging.

Mrs. Ida Farrow of Springfield, O., accused her husband of murdering their child. She attacked him with a hatchet and cut off his ear.

The south-bound passenger train on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern was delayed five hours by an unprecedented fall of snow between Rockford and Albert Lea, Minn.

John L. Sullivan says he thinks Hall can whip Fitzsimmons.

* * *

Henry Whitmore of Wabash, Ind., while hauling refuse from a barn brought up the remains of an infant which had been buried deep in the pile.

John Wallein was sentenced to the Iowa penitentiary in 1883 for life on the charge that he murdered a Swede girl in Burlington in 1882. He has been pardoned out by Governor Boies on the condition that he return to Sweden.

William Thune of Valparaiso, Ind., a brakeman on the Grand Trunk railroad, had both his legs cut off at Redesdale.

The Indiana department of the G. A. R. will locate its state soldiers' home at Warsaw.

Frank P. Roddy, a leading church member, secret society officer and contracting painter, accidentally stepped on a skylight in The Herald building at Decatur, Ills., and fell a distance of twenty feet, receiving injuries which will doubtless result fatally.

The Prospect Hill school building at Burlington, Ia., was burned. Loss, $15,000; insurance, $7,000.

Jackson county (Mich.) Democrats instructed delegates to the state convention for Cleveland.

Robert Neal and an unknown miner were instantly killed by falling slate in a coal mine at Brazil, Ind.

Inspector Steers, New York's new chief of detectives, vice Byrnes, promoted, has been on the force since 1857. One year he rescued thirteen people from drowning.

James Springstein of LaGrange, Mich., a well-to-do farmer, has become insane from religious excitement. He believes he has committed a great crime, for which he will never be forgiven.

The Interstate National bank of New York has closed its doors voluntarily, the depositors getting 90 per cent. of their deposits.

The late G. F. T. Reed of Boston in his will left $30,000 to the Homeopathic hospital of Boston.

J. A. Hamilton of East Saginaw, Mich., has been selected as one of the speakers in the contest for the Woodford medal at the Ithaca, N. Y., university.

* * *

A German laborer named Stackhause was killed at Eldora, Ia., by falling from a scaffolding.

Scott Hubbard, an extensive cattle owner and a preminent Mason, was killed at Price, Utah, by being run over by a train.

A four-day session of the Rock Island conductors and brakemen has been begun at St. Joseph, Mo. The men are organizing.

Vandalia, Ills., was visited by a hailstorm of unusual character, the stones being of large size and falling to a depth of two inches.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, APRIL 16, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the patronized places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Maggie Mitchell.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Denman Thompson.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — The Lilliputians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union "The Police Patrol."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Knotty Affair."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

NOTICE.

Much important local news has been unavoidably crowded out of this week's issue of THE CITIZEN. It would greatly oblige us if friends of this paper would send in their communications, reports of meetings, funeral notices, etc., earlier in the week—certainly not later than Wednesday at noon.

THE FATAL IRISH FACTION FIGHT.

In looking over our Irish exchanges, which represent both sections of the disunited Irish party, we are unable to discover a single sincere approach to union of action in face of the common enemy. On the contrary a spirit of personal revilement—often passing the bounds of decency—is discoverable in some of our esteemed Irish contemporaries. As usual, the great cause is lost sight of in the eager disposition of alleged leaders to pose as the only rightful champions of the popular cause. Our own opinion is that Ireland would benefit extremely if every Irish parliamentary representative in the London house were to resign and refuse to be a candidate for re-election. The differences are so irreconcilable that their usefulness, if they ever were useful in such a place, is practically at an end. They can expect to do no good of any kind while they remain divided as at present. Instead of two there would now appear to be three factions: the Redmond, or Parnellite, led by the recently elected member for Waterford city; the McCarthyite, led by Healy and Sexton, and the faction of Suspended Animation which consists of William O'Brien and John Dillon. When the first named gentleman has a lucid interval between chronic fits of political hysteria, he announces his determination to proceed to some remote part of the world in search of health and repose, but he is always sure to pop up again just when people are congratulating themselves on his self-effacement. Mr. Dillon is much more dignified than Mr. O'Brien. In fact without his dignity there would be nothing left of Mr. Dillon, although no man promised better at the outset of his career. Since the failure of the quixotic New Tipperary scheme, Mr. Dillon seems to have lost faith in himself, and he has also sadly shaken the faith of the Irish masses in his cool judgment although not in his honesty.

Had both O'Brien and Dillon sided with Parnell at the outset of that leader's troubles, they would have done immeasurable service to their country. But they failed to grasp the situation at a critical time, and are now paying the penalty of their remissness. Parnell had many faults. His manner to proud and sensitive men was often provoking in the extreme, but that was no good reason why he should have been abandoned for a fault so common among the rulers of England that a non-adulterous monarch would feel like a stranger on the British throne.

What THE CITIZEN predicted would happen after the ungrateful deposition and almost tragical death of Parnell has come to pass. Every man in the present splintered and shivered Irish party imagines that he is fit to lead. As a matter of fact there are only half a dozen men of real ability in that unhappy body, counting all the factions. At the head of this small group stands Thomas Sexton, who is a sensible statesman, and an able orator. It would be unjust to Timothy Healy, notwithstanding his ugly disposition and unchivalric nature, to deny his parliamentary genius. His conduct in the Parnell matter has been simply inexcusable, and it has rendered him impossible as a leader of anything better, broader or grander than a limited faction. John E. Redmond and his brother William are excellent speakers, but their political wisdom remains to be tried. Thomas Power O'Connor is a writer, a speaker and a thinker of great scope, but he is more of an Englishman than an Irishman in his political notions, and it is doubtful whether he would care to be ruler of the Irish party, even if it would accept him as such.

It is the story of the Roman Empire over again. Cæsar is dead—morally stabbed by the dagger of "envious Casca" rather than slain by the sword of Brutus—and his generals quarrel for possession of his vacant sandals. And, meanwhile, Ireland muffles her face in her mantle to hide the tears of her shame and her despair. Is it any wonder that, under such circumstances, the Irish-American heart is chilled? Is it any wonder that the Irish-American purse-strings are drawn close, and that the volume of Irish-American contributions, which "once rushed down a flood" has become only "a purling brook"?

We have had letters from leading Irishmen of all the American cities of note—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wilmington, Cleveland, Detroit, Nashville, Louisville, Memphis, St. Louis, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Portland, Butte and so on almost ad infinitum, asking THE CITIZEN to voice their sentiments in begging, for the sake of God and the Cause, that the criminal faction fighting in Ireland be put an end to by those who have the power to do it. Whee the Irish in Ireland honestly and truly unite for their liberties, no matter what policy, so long as it is an honest and manly one, they may adopt, the Irish in America will be found at their backs, enthusiastic and faithful as they have been in the past. Until that time comes, nothing can be expected beyond demoralization in Ireland and apathy in America.

THE HIBERNIAN RIFLES' MEETING.

The meeting held at the Second Regiment Armory on Wednesday night to sustain the Hibernian Rifles was a pronounced success. The Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, who was introduced by Col. W. H. Lynch, presided, and speeches were made by Senator Joseph P. Mahoney, John F. Finerty and ex-Congressman Lawler. All favored the admission of the Rifles into the State militia, and Senator Mahoney pledged himself to oppose the militia appropriation if the Hibernian regiment—as fine a body of men as ever shouldered muskets—was not included in it. Mr. R. Ray Moyer recited a patriotic poem, and there were acceptable vocal renditions by Miss Eugenia Bayard, Daniel F. Curley and others. Little Willie Crowley won great applause by his masterly club swinging. THE CITIZEN regrets that a fuller report of the proceedings is unavoidably crowded out, but it sincerely congratulates the Hibernian Rifles on the success of their gathering.

LITERARY FADS.

One of the most curious, and it might be said contemptible, fads of the day is the so-called literary fad. Some dozens or some scores of people of both sexes, with more money than brains, and with more conceit than learning, will form a club for the study of some particular author. There is certainly nothing wrong or harmful in this. If, for instance, a certain number of people got together once or twice a week to study Shakespeare, and to endeavor to elucidate or explain the many obscure passages that occur in that great poet's writings, no one could sneer at such a matter, or call it a literary fad; but when some half dozens of clubs have been formed in the large cities of the Union for the purpose of studying Browning, no thinking person can look on such societies with any feeling but contempt, or come to any other conclusion than that they are pure fad societies, unrelieved by a particle of literary taste or appreciation, and that it was "fadism" caused such people to come together.

Poor Browning! No one that ever lived understood or ever will understand more than 25 per cent of what he wrote; yet, not like the brutal Carlyle, he never angers us. If he says very few things that can be understood, he never says anything harsh of any one. Browning was a sort of English Walt Whitman; but the former, in most instances, wrote in metre of some kind, whereas the latter disdained to fetter his thoughts in anything like rhyme, or measure. Thoughts, however, are somewhat like mustangs, in at least one way; they must be caught before they are fettered; but most of Walt Whitman's thoughts, so far as he has put them on paper, have never been caught by mortal, not even, perhaps, by Walt Whitman himself.

Of all the people who have ever written in what may be called rough measure, Browning was the most voluminous. J. Russell Lowell crowded him pretty closely in the matter of stringing together inharmonious and meaningless words in enormous quantities; but Browning was the great master in that style of writing. He was as unapproachable in roughness and nonsense as Byron and Moore were in harmony and clearness. His most ardent admirers admit that to understand Browning, one must be born a metaphysician, and disregard entirely everything in the shape of rhyme or measure. What in the name of common-sense, then, is the use of trying to understand the compositions of men like Browning? Nothing can possibly be gained by such endeavors. If these fad-loving people want to improve their knowledge of the English language, why do they not study the writings of Cobbett, Macaulay or Johnson? If they want to be charmed by the harmony of words, and elevated by the expression of noble thoughts, why not form societies for the study of Shakespeare, Byron or Moore?

No other conclusion about those fad-societies can be arrived at, than that they are made up of people who care no more for literature than they care for the clay that sticks to their shoes. If they loved that which is beautiful and ennobling in literature, they could study those authors who are generally acknowledged to have produced what is best in it. No one who could find pleasure in "Macbeth," "Childe Harold" or the "Fire Worshippers," could possibly take any interest in trying to solve the mysteries of Browning's incoherent nonsense.

Those literary fads only serve to bring literature into contempt, and to degenerate it. The fact of the present degeneration of English literature may be partly accounted for by the other fact that nothing good in it will be now appreciated. The more outrageously ridiculous works of fiction are, the better they are liked. Ryder Haggard and Rudyard Kipling are good enough for the present generation; half a century ago, the wouldn't have been tolerated. Tolstoi said lately that English literature was going to the dogs, and that the surest proof of that fact was that people claiming to be educated would read Ryder Haggard.

ABSURD REPORTING.

The Chicago daily papers have recently adopted the queer habit of taking a sentence or two out of a man's speech, thus leaving his sentiments "hanging in air," without anything tangible to support them. Such reportorial methods would not have been tolerated a dozen years ago, but, in fact, few people, now-a-days, look for absolutely correct reports from the daily press. Thus in one paper's report of the Hibernian Rifles' meeting on Wednesday night, Mr. Finerty is made to say, most absurdly: "It is not within the province of a midnight gathering of a little coterie of Irishmen to teach us to be false to the land or the flag of our adoption," when, in fact, the reference was made to a Knownothing organization, referred to by Senator Joseph P. Mahony in a preceding address. "Editing with a pitchfork" is exuberant genius when compared to reporting with a crowbar.

AN "IRISH PHRASE BOOK."

This work, illustrating the various meanings of verbs and prepositions combined, by the Rev. Edmund Hogan, is one of the most valuable text books of the Irish language ever published. It is not intended so much for beginners as for those who can read and understand Gaelic; but it would help the uninitiated, provided they possessed even a rudimentary knowledge of the language. There is nothing original in this very useful book; and it is well that there is not. It consists entirely of short sentences taken from the writings of men who knew Irish as their mother tongue, and most of whom were profoundly learned in it. There is not a line of Father Hogan's own composition in the book, except what occurs in the preface. The examples given are taken principally, or at least to a large extent, from the Irish Bible; many are taken from the great work of Keating, "The Three Shafts of Death"; others from O'Begley's Irish dictionary, "The Pursuit of Dermott and Graine," ancient Irish tracts and glosses, etc. The amount of Gaelic reading that Father Hogan must have gone through in order to compile a volume of 140 pages from the classics of the language, is about as remarkable as anything else connected with this extraordinary book.

Father Hogan's excuse for compiling an Irish parase book of the kind, is very pertinent. He says that there are so many remarkable idioms in Gaelic in connection with the uses of verbs and prepositions—idioms to which little analogy is to be found in other languages—he thought a book of the kind he has compiled would be of great use to students; and to prove the necessity of such a book, he shows how easily such profound Gaelic scholars as Whitley Stokes and Robert Atkinson have erred now and again in their translations from Gaelic by not having been sufficiently acquainted with the verbal and prepositional idioms of the language. The book under notice is certainly a very valuable one, and will be of immense benefit to Gaelic students. Many reviews of it have already appeared in the Irish and English press; but it would seem that those who wrote them were more given to find fault with, than to praise the good work done by Father Hogan.

The book is printed in the modern Roman or Latin letter, and hence the chief trouble to the faultfinders. Father Hogan shows very clearly the advantages of using Roman letters instead of Irish in a book of the kind. Among the most important of those advantages may be classed cheapness and italic letters. He shows that had he used Irish type, the printing of the book would have cost 33 per cent more money, and the writing of it would have cost him 33 per cent more time. He gives another reason for not using the old type which is so important that it must be put down in his own exact words: "Many gifted Irishmen and Scots who speak Gaelic from their childhood, and are saturated with it, have been and are deterred from reading Irish books by the strange look of the letters, and fancy it is a language unknown to them." The aspirate h is not used except after t and c; for the other varying-in-sound consonants, he uses the dot; and here is, we think, where Father Hogan has made a mistake, for omissions or misplacings of the dot are by far the most common errors to be found in Irish books. Almost every typographical error to be found in this book, consists in an omission or a misplacing of the dot. Using the letter h for an aspirate, and after every consonant the sound of which is changed in certain positions, may give Irish print a clumsy look; but that is a matter of very little importance compared to incorrectness. In setting up type, and in writing with pen or pencil, one is much more liable to omit or misplace the dot than to omit or misplace the letter h.

It is sad to think how Irishmen make such a fuss, and are often led into using harsh language about, the form of letter in which one chooses to write Gaelic. When a book is published in German, the German public don't raise a row about the kind of letter in which the book is printed—whether it be in the so called Gothic or in Roman; but every Gaelic book that is not printed in the old letter finds a lot of donkeys—and often worse than donkeys—to "pitch into" the unfortunate author. A review of Father Hogan's book appeared a short time ago in the Dublin *Freeman* that was downright blackguard in its denunciation of Roman type for writing Irish in, and of every one who would use it for that purpose. Even Father O'Growney, professor of Gaelic in Maynooth, uses indefensible language in a review of the book under notice which appeared in the last number of the *Gaelic Journal*. Every one having the love of our national language at heart, should pray and beseech those who write reviews of Irish books in the future, not to say anything about the sort of letters in which they are written. Let as many as can write Irish write it; but let them write it in whatever form of letter they choose, provided they write it, or make an honest effort to write it, correctly.

It may be interesting to such Gaelic students as have watched the discussion about the preposition *chum*, or *dochum*, to know that in every instance from Irish classics given in this book, it governs the genitive, whether an infinitive comes after it or not. About a score of instances occur where an infinitive mood comes after *chum*, as in the phrase "chum an *domhain* do chur ar dearglasadh," "to set the world in a flame," but the nouns coming after *chum* are all in the genitive. There is one instance where an apparently nominative plural is used after *chum*; but it occurs in a word the declension of which varies a good deal in the works of different writers, and may be classed as doubtful.

This excellent book is as cheap as it is useful; the price being only 1s 6', or about 35 cents. Every one learning Gaelic or intending to learn it should possess the "Irish Phrase Book."

The many books relating to Gaelic which are being issued of late show plainly that its study is taking a strong hold in Ireland. The number of those who speak it as their usual language may be decreasing faster than is agreeable, but the educated classes of the Irish people, especially the priests, are every day taking more interest in it. If what has been done during the last fifteen years about the resuscitation of Irish had been done during the time of O'Connell, there would now be a great national press in the Irish language in Ireland, and it would be known and spoken from the Giant's Causway to Cape Clear. There is, however, no use in regretting the past; better far be hopeful about the future.

"Irish Phrase Book," by Father Hogan. Dublin: Sullivan Bros; London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

EX-MAYOR COLVIN.

Ex Mayor Harvey D. Colvin, who died in Florida last week, was interred in Rose Hill cemetery on Wednesday with imposing ceremonies. He was a native of Little Falls, N. Y., and was noted for his handsome face, superb physique and pleasant manners. He was a man of great goodness of heart, and, although he died in the fullness of age, thousands sincerely lament his disappearance from the stage of life. Mr. Colvin was Democratic mayor of this city from the fall of 1873 to the spring of 1876

THE Americans, so-called, who hate the Irish and the Catholics are, without exception, descendants of the Tories, who tried to cut their country's throat during the Revolutionary war.

UNITED IRELAND and other Irish National organs are taking a lively interest in Ireland's exhibit at the approaching World's Fair. An editorial in *United Ireland* of the 9th inst., says: "Mr. John O'Connor, M. P., deserves to be congratulated on his successful efforts to compel the British commissioners of the Chicago Exhibition to allow a distinctive arrangement for the Irish exhibits. This will now rest with the exhibitors themselves, and the commissioners are considering the advisability of opening an office in Dublin. The sooner the better, as there is no time to be lost. We are told that there is to be a real 'Irish village' at the exhibition. We hope there will be real Irish manufacture and nothing else in the Irish section. It will be sure to attract plenty of customers who will be glad and proud to possess themselves of something coming from the old land."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and as seldom read.

"MUSKERRY," St. Louis.—Mr. Eugene Davis is a Corkman, but is not related to the family of the Young Ireland poet. He was born at, or near, Baltimore in the county Cork, made famous by one of the elder Davis' best poems. Mr. Eugene Davis is a poet of much power and versatility, and the same characteristics apply to his prose efforts.

"MEATH MAN," City.—(1) The writer in the *Inter-Ocean* is entirely correct in describing the family name of the famous duke of Wellington as Cooley—a distinctively Irish and Celtic name—transformed into Cowley for alleged aristocratical purposes. Men from the neighborhood of Dangan Castle, Meath, where Wellington was born, have often told us the same thing. The duke was a great soldier, but was also, in the political sense, a great scalawag. (2) The words are by the late John O Hagan, and, correctly quoted, are as follows:

"There's not a man in all the land
Our country now can spare,
The streng man with his sinewy hand,
The weak man with his prayer;
No whining tone of mere regret
Young Irish bards for you,
But let your songs teach Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do.

"TARIFF FOR REVENUE," City.—You may consult the speeches of O Connell, edited by his son, or any good life of that statesman, notably that by T. C. Luby, in confirmation of the statement that the great Daniel never wore a square inch of English goods for forty years before his death. Neither did William Smith O Brien after he joined the Repeal association. Both leaders urged on their followers the duty of boycotting British manufactures, and they did it with a vengeance.

"CHARTIST," City.—The present queen of England derives her title to the throne from what is known as "The Act of Settlement," passed in the reign of William and Mary, which excludes the Catholic heirs of the Plantagenet-Tudor-Stuart conglomerate dynasty from inheriting the crown. Victoria is undoubtedly descended, mostly in the female line, from William the Conqueror, but, in the matter of primogeniture, there are a dozen royalties now living who have more claim to rule the British empire.

OBITUARY.

MRS OWEN MURRAY.

On Wednesday morning the mortal remains of Mrs. Owen Murray, whose premature and much lamented death occured last Monday morning at the family residence, Wabash avenue and Thirty-fifth street, were consigned to their final resting place, Calvary cemetery, attended by many sorrowing friends. The funeral services were conducted at St. James' Catholic church, on Wabash avenue, near Twenty ninth street, and were solemn and impressive. Long before the sad procession moved from the residence, the church was filled with mourners, and when the casket was placed in front of the altar it was embowered in a profusion of floral tributes. Among them were a beautiful design representing "the gates ajar," from Mrs. Keaney; a harp, the gift of a friendly club; a large cross, and a cross and crown; an easel, the center full of pink roses and ribbons, that being the favorite color of Mrs. Murray, given by her husband, and also a magnificent floral pillow; a wreath from Mr. Murray's employes; a cross, crown and wreath, over three feet high, with an affectionate tribute in words, from Maj. W. C McClure; a pillar four feet high of beautiful roses; and an elaborate design of white lilies and roses of all kinds.

The services consisted of requiem high mass, the Rev. Father McGuire, celebrant; the Rev. Father Van Pelt, deacon; the Rev. Father Swanson, sub deacon. A touching discourse was preached by Father McGuire on the uncertainty of human life, in the course of which he spoke feelingly of the Christian virtues and charitable characteristics of the deceased, who had done so much in her sphere to alleviate human suffering by relieving the distressed and needy. The sermon was one of the most feeling, finished and effective ever delivered by the reverend gentleman, who had been Mrs. Murray's pastor for so many years.

The funeral cortege went by carriages to Calvary cemetary, where the interment took place in the family burying ground. The pall-bearers were: Col. Peter J. Hennessy, Capt. William Buckley, Maj. W. C. McClure, Capt. Martin Hayes, P. M. Reilly, John C. Schubert, T. B. Clark, Capt. P. O'Connor, John Maher, William O'Connell. A host of old and well known citizens came to the church and followed the remains to their final resting place. Among outside clergymen present were the Rev John Waldron, the Rev. Father Henneberry, the Rev. Father Maguire and the Rev. Father Foster, who came up from Joliet to attend the obsequies.

Mrs. Murray was a daughter of Mr. John Traynor, one of Chicago's pioneer settlers and citizens, and a gentleman held in the highest esteem by the entire community of which he has been so long a member. Mr. Owen Murray, although quite a young man, is almost as well known as his venerable father-in-law. The deceased lady was born at the Traynor residence on Michigan avenue in 1859, and graduated at St. Xavier's seminary in this city, with high honors. Her aptitude as an artist was widely recognized, and many of the products of her hands will long survive as souvenirs of her brilliant talent. She leaves one daughter, who is a pupil at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. The utmost sympathy is felt for Mr. Murray and the Traynor family throughout the city, because a light has been removed from the home circle that can never be replaced.

MR DANIEL J O'GALLAGHER

The funeral of Mr. Daniel J. O'Gallagher a native of the county Donegal, Ireland, and late of the Chicago & Western Indiana Railroad Company, who died April 11 at his residence, No. 3841 Dearborn street, took place on Wednesday, April 13 The remains were removed from the house to St. Elizabeth's church, where solemn high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Croke. After mass the Rev. Father spoke about the uncertainties of this life at all periods, and instanced the youth of him whose remains were there in front of the altar, who, as ordinarily considered, had a long life and promising career before him, but that God willed it otherwise. He then referred feelingly to the Christian character of the deceased, stating that the early training he received from his parents was clearly reflected in his exemplary mode of living. At the conclusion of the services the relics were escorted by a long procession of carriages to Dearborn station where the railroad company kindly placed a free special train at the disposal of the relatives and sympathizers who accompanied the remains to Mount Olivet cemetery. The pallbearers were Joseph Harkin, John Brady, Patrick Fitzgerald, Michael Murphy, Austin Rooney, and John Collopy, and the chief mourners were Francis B. O'Gallagher and Denis O'Gallagher, brothers of the deceased. Among the wreaths surmounting the casket was a beautiful floral pillow having on it the word "Brother" worked in blue violet letters on a ground of white rosebuds, from sister Katie, Montana. Having spent two months in New Mexico, under medical treatment and with his devoted wife's careful attention, and finding that climate not beneficial he and his wife were just on the point of starting for his native climate in old Ireland, with cheerful anticipations as to the result, but such was not God's will. Requiescat in pace.

FUNERAL OF FATHER MOYGEMBA.

LEMONT, Ill., April 18.—The funeral of the Rev. Father Leopold Moygemba was held here this morning, twenty-two priests being present. Requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Wrobel, with Father Haller as deacon and S. Nawrocki as subdeacon. Father Typlatse of South Chicago preached a Polish and Father Sixt a German sermon. Another sermon was preached at the cemetery by Rev. F. Simonaski of Chicago. The remains were escorted to the cemetery by societies of the Polish congregation. Fully 3,000 people were in line. Father Leopold was at one time a pastor of the Polish church here, and some three years ago was appointed pastor of the Catholic church at Elmhurst, which position he occupied until his death.

REV. MAXIMUS LEIMGRUBER.

The Rev. Maximus Leimgruber, for some time superior of the church of St. Alphonsus de Liguori, died suddenly on Monday morning at 10:30 o'clock. The reverend father, a prominent member of the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, had been ailing for some time, but his death was unexpectedly sudden. Heart disease was named as the cause. Father Leimgruber was born in Guttenberg, Germany, April 10, 1820 There he passed his younger life. Nov. 16 1840, he received the sacrament of holy orders, the fiftieth anniversary of which was celebrated with much pomp at the church edifice at Southport and Lincoln avenues two years ago. He came to America about 1878 under the auspices of the Redemptorists, and was in Pittsburg and the east many years. Seven years ago he came to Chicago and became superior of the congregation here. Age and failing health forced him to forego at once the advantages and hardships of that honorable and difficult position early in 1891. The remains lay in state in the church, and were buried Thursday morning, April 21, at 8:30 o'clock. But two years were lacking for the celebration of the golden jubilee of Father Leimgruber's ordination as a priest.

NASHVILLE NOTES.

The celebration of the twenty-third anniversary of the organization of the Hibernian Benevolent Society was commemorated by a pleasant gathering of the members and their friends at the Amusement Hall last night. The entertainment opened with an enjoyable musical programme, consisting of vocal and instrumental selections by the following well known artists: Misses Mamie Boyd, Sadie Brennan, Annie Mitchell and Alice and Mamie Ryan; Mesdames McVitty and Hogan, and Messrs. C. P. Hogan, Harry Fletcher, W. A. Clendenning and the Rock City Quartette.

The supper table was presided over by the young ladies of St. Columba's church, East Nashville, and the menu would tempt an epicurean. The following named gentlemen saw that all visitors received due attention, while the Italian band furnished music for the dancers:

Reception Committee—James Killeles, chairman; Garrett Stritch, James S Glenn, M. J. Martin, Dr. James M. Coyle, Frank Shields, Peter Lyman, William Fitzgibbons, John McCormack, Jerre Mahoney, James Kelly, Thomas F. Dougherty, John P. Dougherty, M. O'Brien, Thomas Cain, James Greeley, B Lavery, John Mannion, General Manager James W. Johnson, Edward Greeley.

Floor Committee—M. J. Lafley, chairman; William Kirley, Robert E. Martin, James Mulloy, John Sullivan, Thomas Fitzgerald.

Door Committee—James Carney, chairman; M Morgan, John Brady, John Reagan, M. Farrel, Thomas Grady.

The hall was crowded, and nothing was left undone that could contribute to the pleasure of those attending.—*Nashville American, April 19.*

"Thank You."

Is what Mrs. Paisley, of Newburgh, N. Y., always says to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured her of a severe case of scrofula and eczema, and she has reason to be grateful.

If you are Bilious take Hood's Pills.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

THE CORK MEN AND NEW YORK MEN

BY T D SULLIVAN, M P.

Air: "The Groves of Blarney."

Oh, the gallant Cork men,
Mixed with New York men,
I'm sure their equals they can't be found,
For persevering
In deeds of daring,
They set men staring the world around.
No spies can match them,
No sentries watch them,
No specials catch them or mar their play,
While the clever Cork men
And 'cute New York men
Work new surprises by night and day.

Sedate and steady,
Calm, quick, and ready,
They boldly enter, and make no din,
Where'er such trifles
As Snider rifles
And bright six-shooters are stored within.
The Queen's round towers
Can't baulk their powers,
Off go the weapons by sea and shore,
To where the Cork men
And smart New York men
Are daily piling their precious store.

John Bull, in wonder,
With voice like thunder,
Declares such plunder he must dislike,
They next may rowl in
And sack Haulbowline,
Or on a sudden run off with Spike.
His peace is vanished,
His joys are banished,
And gay or happy no more he'll be,
Until these Cork men
And wild New York men
Are sunk together beneath the sea.

Oh, bold New York men
And daring Cork men,
We own your pleasures should all grow dim,
On thus discerning
And plainly learning
That your amusement gives pain to *Him*
Yet, from the nation,
This salutation
Leaps forth, and echoes with thunderous sound—
"Here's to all Cork men,
Likewise New York men,
Who stand for Ireland, the world around!"

CARICATURES OF THE IRISH.

It is doubtful if any other race has been subjected to so long and cruel and systematic an annoyance by means of derision as the Irish. This derision of the Irish has most commonly taken the form of caricature. Caricature seems to have been nearly as ancient as pictorial art itself. There are caricatures among the figures adorning the Egyptian monuments which belong to the very earliest dynasties. Every one probably has read of the caricatures of the early Christians that have been discovered among the wall-pictures in the catacombs of Rome. But, ancient as is caricature, there is nothing anywhere to equal in persistent virulence, in studied foul injustice that which throughout the English-speaking world has been identified as aimed at the Irish.

A certain type of face and feature has been developed by these anti-Irish artists which can best be described as a type that represents the degradation of the human physiognomy. It is noted for its low, retreating forehead, projecting brow, high cheek bones, nose broad, thick and flat or upturned; mouth wide, coarse and expressionless, and a jaw displaying the only strength, and that a brutal strength, of the entire countenance, and a pair of eyes that show as much dangerous wickedness as the general lack of intellect of the whole ugly mask is capable of. Everyone recognizes the hideous thing at the first glance as the insulting representation of an Irishman. Why? Because the picture looks like the subject? Not at all. But because for a very long while now the world—the English-speaking world, that is to say—has been accustomed to it.

It would be curious to trace the origin and subsequent history of this villainous thing. It goes back to sometime in the middle of the last century—hardly beyond that. At that time, it is probable, that comparatively few of the people of England had seen real living Irishmen, and yet, ever since the days of Hugh O'Neill, if not from an epoch more remote, the Irish had been a constant subject of discussion and of more or less dread. To the ordinary English mind of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the Irish must have appeared not merely to be "rebels," but something little short of incarnate fiends. The most horrible tales were told and believed in England about the Irish, their manners and customs. In all this the English were merely displaying one of the meanest traits of our poor human nature—they had done fearful, unprovoked injury to the Irish and now were adding insult to injury.

But when the English caricaturist of the eighteenth century looked about for his model, he was disappointed. Irishmen were few and far between in England then, and none that this malicious Englishman saw corresponded to the ideal that he had formed in his evil mind of what *his* Irishman should look like. He therefore for his model of an Irishman took the first specimen that he met of the Anglo-Saxon English peasant. This caricaturist exaggerated and distorted to some degree the sullen, heavy and brutal countenance of the English clod-hopper, and, lo! and behold! he had what for him and his English patrons answered the purpose of a bad Irishman! In some such way as that undoubtedly originated the odious misrepresentation of the Irish which has since been repeated over and over again in England from Gilray in the last century to Dalzell and others on *Punch* in this century, and in the United States from "Native American" and Knownothing times in the now defunct *Yankee Notions* and *Picayune* and in that and later times in *Harper's Weekly*, and still later in *Puck* and *Judge*. Of the older American caricaturists of the Irish, Bellew and Darley were the worst. In our day two Germans, Nast and Kepler, have been pre-eminent in this nefarious business.

The success of this caricature is surprising when it is remembered that there is scarcely any other face in Europe that is typically so unlike this caricature "Irish" face as is the real Irish face. The turned up nose, for instance, which is the strongest characteristic of the caricature is more seldom found in Irish faces than in any others except those of the Jews. It is the English, and, in general, the Teutonic face to which the flat or the turned up nose belongs. So far indeed as mere beauty of face, consisting of pleasing outlines, well-formed features, clearness of complexion, fine eyes, and the general intelligence and agreeableness of the whole countenance and its expression, the Irish have of course nothing to fear by comparison with the English or the Germans.

It is about time the evil should stop. People of the Irish race have borne very patiently with it. Had either Mr. Nast or Mr. Kepler systematically and cruelly lampooned in this manner any other people as they have done with the Irish, it is very certain that violence of some sort would have ensued long ago. In fact the Irish element is the most patient, peaceful, and law-abiding one in the United States and it is about time the fact was recognized, and they ought to be spared further infliction of these utterly undeserved insults, which originated long ago as a result of the ill feeling naturally following long continued and bitter wars. —*Catholic Review.*

JOHN M. SMYTH.

On the 12 h day of April, 1891, the great establishment of John M Smyth, on West Madison street, was burned to the ground, involving an immense loss. Now, however, by the force of Celtic energy and perseverence, it has arisen from its ruins, grander, and more prosperous than before.

AN AMERICAN MONARCH.

Our purple blooded friend John Pope Hodnett, king, *de jure*, of England, Scotland and Wales, lord of Ireland, regent of France, emperor of the rest of Europe, protector-general of America and ancestor extraordinary of the royal and imperial houses of the world, has issued the following manifesto to the American people:

WASHINGTON, D. C. April 18.—Commissary claims for teamsters and all who worked in the commissary department during the late war, taken under Senate Bill No. 4 672; introduced by Mr. Cullom of Illinois, by request of Mr. Hodnett, in the fifty-first congress, second session, entitled a bill "To provide for the payment of laborers, cooks, nurses, and all who worked in the commissary department of the government during the late war; and also to place them on the pension roll." Mr. Hodnett is the man who drafted this bill and is the only lawyer advocating its passage. He alone should reap the product of his legal labor before congress.

Mr. Hodnett's ancestors (the earls of March, the earls of Shrewsbury, the lords of Baltimore, the dukes of Buckingham and the dukes of York), the conquerors of the world, and civilizers of mankind, were originally owners of the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, including Washington and the District of Columbia. They were descended from Hodnett, William the conqueror, duke of Normandy, in France; and king of England; down, down in an unbroken chain link, of historical pedigree, to Lord Baltimore and George Washington (Earl Ferrers), the founders of the Republic of America, of civil and religious freedom. The emancipators of all mankind. Blood will tell in men as it does in horses. Don't you people think Mr. Hodnett should have something to say in the Republic his ancestors created and founded; and in the government of the people, whom they emancipated from serfdom, and in the land and on the ground which they originally owned?

First—Lord Baltimore, founder of religious freedom at St. Mary's Heights, Maryland, and owner of Maryland and of Washington and the District of Columbia was a Hodnett.

Second—George Washington, founder of the Republic of the United States of America, was a Hodnett.

Third—General Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, the first great martyr to American freedom. was a Hodnett.

Fourth—General Montgomery, who fell at Quebec, commander-in chief of the Continental army of New York, was a Hodnett.

Fifth—Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator of the black race, was a Hodnett.

These names are the very greatest in American history, and the American who could forget them would be guilty of a crime against his own nationality, and going back on himself. The workingmen and workingwomen, whose cause Mr. Hodnett has advocated from boyhood up to manhood, and ever since, without any change, are ninety men and women in every hundred, and can by their vote sweep every State in the Union for him, and place him at the head of the government, where he belongs by descent and by extraordinary talent.

The Orangemen.

The bloated mushroom known as Major Saunderson, and the Scotch carpet-bagger Russell, are threatening dire things should the British government establish a little colonial parliament in Dublin. The Orangemen are to rise in their might and wipe out the "papishes." Why, a brigade of Ulster women armed with heather brooms could sweep the dirty gang of Belfast loafers into the sea. There are enough of patriotic Presbyterians in Ulster to thrash ten times the actual number of Orangemen in the whole northern province. It would be a benefit to Ireland and posterity to give these dirty unspeakable scoundrels one decent licking.

In actual numbers they don't amount to shucks, but the anti-Irish press, for English purposes, makes a tremendous blow about these terrible Orangemen. The fact is, the pestiferous association is simply composed of ignorant blackguards whose sole idea of principle is the value of their vote as a mercantile commodity, and its pressure in bursting the bung of a beer keg. They have no country, and it would be an insult to decent Protestantism to attribute to them even a shadow of religious feeling. They are unique in the history of the world as the concentration of a nation's foulness and bestiality. Hired thugs ready for any deed of crime, their criminality is only limited by their cowardice.

It is surely a sad commentary on the world's knowledge of Ireland, when even well meaning American newspapers elevate this gang of Belfast corner boys and toughs to the dignity of being factors in the settlement of Ireland's struggle for national existence. No doubt when the little one-horse parliament assembles in Dublin there will be trouble in Belfast, and, as happened before, some poor nun or little school girls will have to pay the tribute of their lives to this cursed Orange society, the pet and the nursling of a foreign government. If such should happen, our advice to the people of Ulster, both Catholic and Protestant, is to clean out the vile gang once and forever.—*Irish-American Weekly. April* 18

Gaelic Athletics.

There will be a hurling match next Sunday, 24 h inst., at the corner of Lincoln and Polk streets, between the Davitt and Innisfail clubs, for a set of gold medals valued at $300 and the championship of Illinois. The game will be called at 1:30 p. m. sharp. This will be one of the most important games ever played under the auspices of the Gaelic Athletic Association, and every Irishman in Chicago who can should see it.

A Lucky Escape.

Fortunate is the man or woman residing in a malarial-ridden locality who escapes the dreaded scourge. Not one in a thousand does. When the endemic is a periodical and wide spread visitation, it is just as common to see whole communities suffering from it as single individuals. The most vigorous constitution is not proof against it—how much less a system feeble or disordered. As a means of protection against malaria, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the supreme medicinal agent. It will uproot any form of malarial disease implanted in the system, and even in regions where miasmatic complaints are most malignant and deadly, such as the Isthmus of Panama, Guatemala and the tropics generally, it is justly regarded as an efficient safeguard. No less efficacious is it as a curative and preventive of chronic indigestion, liver trouble, constipation, rheumatism, kidney complaints and la grippe.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S Fee, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

WHAT $16 WILL DO.

It will pay your passage from Chicago to New York over the Erie Lines, in as comfortable a car as any one could ask for, and on a train that runs through solid without change. If you are thinking of going east, or bringing friends from there, or from the old country west, it will pay you to write to, or to call on F. W. Buskirk, the assistant general passenger agent of the Erie, whose office is 802 Phœnix Building, Chicago. It is a sure thing that he can save you money.

IT RESPECTS THE LAW.

The Lottery Company's Good Faith.

[*Washington telegram to Globe-Democrat.*]

The New Orleans Postmaster, Capt. S. M. Eaton, is a little smooth-faced man, honest and shrewd. He is a great friend of Warmoth, but he has backed up the Postmaster-General's efforts vigorously in the fight on the lottery.

The year before the warfare began Mr. Eaton says the Lottery Company bought at the New Orleans office $108 000 worth of stamps and stamped envelopes. For that same year the total revenue of the office was $416,000 So it appears that the Lottery Company contributed within $1 000 of one-fourth of the entire revenue of the office.

By the action of the department in enforcing the anti-lottery law passed by Congress this postal revenue from the lottery company became a dead loss. Last year's receipts by the New Orleans office reached a total of $352,000. The day before Capt. Eaton started to this conference the lottery company posted in all its branch offices in New Orleans a notice to this effect:

"The Supreme Court of the United States having decided the anti-lottery postal law to be constitutional, it is hereby ordered and directed that no one in the employ of this company shall mail a letter which in any way refers directly or indirectly to the business of the lottery. It must be understood that this company will aid in the enforcement of this law."

"I think that this notice is honest and sincere," said Capt. Eaton, "and the company means just what it says."

Picnic Grounds.

WHERE THEY ARE—HOW TO REACH THEM.

The most beautiful picnic grounds, within easy distance of Chicago, fitted out with all the conveniences necessary to make a day's outing enjoyable, are situated on the Wisconsin Central lines, among which are Schiller Park, Clybourn Park and Diamond Lake Park. The superior facilities afforded by the "Central" for handling this business needs no introduction. Its advantages have been fully established. Lodges, clubs, societies, associations, churches, etc., contemplating an outing during the coming summer, will find it to their interest, before making final preparations, to call on James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Room 212, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue, who will take pleasure in furnishing all information. Committees desiring to inspect grounds will be provided with necessary transportation.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 98 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st Chicago

C. H. MITCHELL & E. F. RYAN, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 175 Dearborn-st., Rooms 13-14, Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 113 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 931.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S, Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $4 per cord delivered. Office and Yard 808 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HOGAN, WILLIAM, Dealer in Teas, Wines and Liquors. 44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago. Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BRIEN, P. Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies. Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware. 249 W. Harrison street. Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J. Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for Imported Dilish, 113 Erie-st., corner Market, Chicago.

Tailors and Drapers.

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Furniture.

M., Dealer in sehold Goods, os and Organs, West Madison street, ear Halsted.

[illegible], LAWRENCE M. SHEEY BERT P. BATES.

MACON, ENNIS & BATES, [illegible]ys-at-Law, 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING, [illegible]-st., Corner of Lake, CHICAGO.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 1 to 3 days. Never returns. No purge. No salve No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3200, New York City, N. Y.

PENSION CLAIMS.

The undersigned, having been duly recognised and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.

JOHN F. FINERTY, U. S. Pension and Claim Agent 69 DEARBORN-ST. CHICAGO.

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FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.

Through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Tourist Sleepers via the Northern Pacific Railroad between Chicago and Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash.

Convenient trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Waukesha, Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Hurley, Wis., and Ironwood and Bessemer Mich.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

S. R. AINSLIE, General Manager, Chicago, Ill.
J. M. HANNAFORD, General Traffic Manager St. Paul, Minn
R. C. BARLOW, Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.
JAS. C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

1779. 1892.

Ireland's Tom Moore!

THE 113TH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE BIRTH OF

IRELAND'S IMMORTAL BARD,

"The Poet of All Circles and the Idol of His Own,"
Will be Appropriately Celebrated at

Central Music Hall,

State and Randolph Streets, On

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1892.

There will be a Diversified MUSICAL and LITERARY Programme, and THE ORATION will be delivered by JOHN F. FINERTY. Further particulars hereafter. By Order of the Committee.

W. C. McCLURE, Secretary.

Oh ho! How is this?
If you don't call at Ulick Bourke's
You will surely miss

GOOD BARGAINS IN FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES,

CROCKERY AND CUTLERY.

The advertising of half price is a fake that sensible people ought to know by this time; it is only a blind leader to draw in people that are not well posted in quality and prices. I will give a year's time for any fair bill of goods and warrant to sell the same cheaper than those one-half-price houses. The old reliable

ULICK BOURKE,

302 WEST MADISON STREET. 302.

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Gents' Suits, Ready Made or Made to Order. Facilities First Class. Prices guaranteed 25 per cent less than anywhere, as we can afford it, owing to lack of expenses. Watches and Diamonds. Everything Ladies' Apparel. Furniture and Pianos. Boys' Suits.

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ESTATE OF JOHN CAHILL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Cahill, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1892, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 4, 1892.
DANIEL O'SHEA, Administrator.
David Sullivan, Attorney

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MARIA TENNIE ALIAS MATTIE GAYNOR, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Maria Tennie alias Mattie Gaynor, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1892, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 11, 1892.
CHARLES L. DUER, Administrator.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

CALL AND PAY A DEposit and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

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OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	50c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

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Agents Virginia Fire & Marine Insurance Company of Richmond, Va.

181 LA SALLE ST.

TELEPHONE 928. CHICAGO, ILL.

THE FIREMAN'S MOTHER.

In the famous Chickamauga vale,
Where the crape moss trails and the cypress shines,
Lives a poor old mother, whose woeful wail
Now moans with the pines.

Last night at McIvors a derailed train—
This brief, brutal message the wire thrilled
North from Atlanta—and Richard M'Clain,
The fireman, was killed.

Only a fireman, so this will do,
Briefly to tell to the mother heart,
With a three line paragraph, terse and true,
To strike like a dart.

That never more need she set a light
In her country home on the window sill
That would say to her boy going by in the night,
"Your mother is well."

These three short lines in the morning press
Told not that a mother watched in vain
For the son, who never again would pass
Her home, on the train.

And now when the rushing train goes by,
In that dark vale where the shadows be,
No more will his answering signals say,
"I remember thee."
—Miriam Baird Buck in Arkansaw Traveler.

A SPECULATION.

"I tell you, sir, I will not give my sanction unless by the 1st of next month you can show me a balance at your banker's of £5,000 or securities in your own name to that value."

"But, Mr. Saymour, where do you think I am to get £5,000 from in less than a month? Nellie and I are both young and can afford to wait for better times. I am confidential clerk to one of the best firms of stockbrokers, and have every reason to believe I shall one day become a partner. My salary from them is £250, and my old uncle allows me £100 a year and looks upon me as his heir. What more can you want?"

"It is of no use prolonging the discussion, Mr. Bartley. It is for your own sakes I do this. When my daughter marries I shall settle £10,000 upon her, and I think her husband ought to have at least £5,000. If, as I said before, you have that sum by the 1st of April next, I will sanction your engagement. If not, I shall use every means in my power to bring about her marriage with Captain Tredegar, and in the meantime shall send her off to my sister in Scotland out of your way."

With these words he touched the bell, thus intimating that the interview was at an end.

Mr. Saymour was chief partner in the firm of Saymour, Giveless & Co., stock brokers, and was reported to be worth a million, but there were city men who whispered that he was in rather a shaky state just now owing to heavy speculations on his own account, and that he would probably be in want of a few thousands before the next settling day.

When I left Mr. Saymour's office in Victoria street I wandered about for two hours, hardly knowing where I was going. I was unable to concentrate my thoughts upon anything definite. All I could think about was £5,000. Everything around me seemed to say the same thing. The very sound of the wheels of the omnibuses and cabs seemed to suggest, "£5,000, or Nellie is lost." I felt that I must have the money if I committed a crime to obtain it.

At last I called a cab and drove to my chambers. When I was seated in an easy chair by the side of a bright fire, with my pipe in full swing, I tried to think the matter over calmly. The only hope I could think of was my Uncle John, but it was like depending on a broken reed, indeed. He had always cautioned me against getting married at all, and pointed to himself with pride as one who had had next to nothing to do with women all his life; but before I went to bed I had made up my mind to run down to Eltham on the morrow and see him.

I wrote a note to the office saying that I felt rather indisposed that evening (which was quite true) and should probably not be in the city in the morning.

* * * * * * *

Next morning, after a restless night, the chance of my uncle acceding to my request seemed smaller than ever, but there was no other hope, and I must face him and make the best of it. At breakfast I took up the paper as was my wont, and glanced down the money article. Suddenly an idea flashed across my mind. Being on the Stock exchange I knew that fortunes were made and lost every month; why shouldn't I try and make £5,000 by speculating in some stock? The more I thought of it the better I liked it.

Of course I knew it was risky; I couldn't do it in my own name without it coming to the knowledge of my firm, and they wouldn't tolerate that sort of thing for a moment, and whatever plan I adopted I knew if things didn't go as I wished I should be ruined. But life without Nellie wasn't worth living, and I must have her at any cost.

The first thing to decide was the best stock in which to speculate. The markets were very quiet just now, with the exception of the South African Mining market, in which there had been lately quite a "boom."

One company in particular had caused a great sensation. This was the Great Cumberland Diamond mines, whose ten pound shares were quoted at twenty-five pounds. The company was supposed to have a most valuable property in south Africa, and although only started six months previously had already paid a dividend of 20 per cent., and the future dividends were expected to be as high as 30 or 35 per cent. That they had paid the 20 per cent. dividend was quite true, as I had received that on the few shares I held myself; but whether it was paid out of the profits or otherwise I did not know.

What I did know was that if any adverse report of the mine came over the price of the shares would inevitably drop quicker than it had risen. I therefore determined to confine my operations to Great Cumberland. Of course it would be sheer speculation, and there are people who say this is no better than robbery, and although I can't say I quite agree with them, I don't in any degree uphold the practice. It is one of the greatest evil of the age, but in my case I felt the end would justify the means. But how was I, alone and unaided, to affect the market?

What I wanted was some startling information, damaging to the prospects of the mine, to be communicated to the London financial papers. Any one who knows anything about Stock exchange business knows that in some stocks the most trivial telegram will immediately cause a rise or fall of several points. I had fixed upon the great Cumberland company because I knew the shares were held principally by dealers and speculators and not by the outside public. My conscience thus was easier.

After breakfast I settled to go off at once to Eltham and see my uncle, and if, as I expected, he would not give me the money I would write to my friend, George Whymark, in Cape Town, tell him how I was situated and ask for his help. I knew that George would do anything in his power to help me. We had been schoolfellows and always firm friends, and a year previously he had gone out to South Africa, partly on account of his health and partly to make his fortune—if he could. We had no secrets and had sworn always to help each other whenever the help was asked for, even at our own personal inconvenience and loss.

I went down to my uncle's place, put the whole matter before him, and asked him to lend me the £5,000. As I expected, he was very angry at first and tried to persuade me to let the whole affair drop. He said if I didn't get the money Mr. Saymour would withhold his consent. This wouldn't be my fault, and I could thus withdraw honorably. Of course, I scornfully rejected such advice.

"Well, Harold," he said, "I am very grieved to think that after all my advice you have made a fool of yourself at twenty-six years of age. But it shall make no difference in the future, my boy. I shall leave you all my money. But at present, even if I would, I couldn't realize £5,000 without great loss, as all my capital is locked up in various speculative undertakings, and I must say that for your own sake I am glad that you can't get the money."

I thanked him for his kindness and went back to town.

That evening I wrote a long letter to George Whymark and told him everything and asked for his help. I told him I wanted a telegram dispatched to some leading paper in London, saying that things were decidedly wrong with the Great Cumberland Diamond mines, or something to that effect. This seemed very simple, but I didn't disguise from George that it wasn't altogether in accordance with the law, although I believe things like it are done very often in the world of speculation. I told George that I left the matter in his hands, but asked him for the sake of our great friendship to help me if he conscientiously could.

It would take three weeks for the letter to reach George. It was now the 2d of the month, and the last settling day was on the 30th, so if George did as I asked him as soon as he got my letter it would leave about five days for the operations. I lived in a state of feverish excitement for the next fortnight or so. I knew that if George was unable to help me, or if the market did not go as I wished, I should be ruined for life, and have to relinquish all hope of Nellie. I had not seen her since the evening of the interview with her father, but received a note from her three days after, saying she was that day starting for Scotland and would be away about six weeks. She told me to cheer up, as she knew all would come right in the end. I wished I could have felt as sanguine.

On the morning of the 17th the senior partner of my firm came to me with an open letter in his hand.

"Here is a letter from a Mr. Duncan, of Eltham, asking us to sell 1,000 shares in the Great Cumberland mine for next account. He mentions your name as a reference. Do you know anything about him?"

I knew all about the letter, as it was one I had written myself and posted from Eltham.

"Oh! yes," I said, "that is all right. He is a friend of my uncle's. He mentioned the other evening that he wanted to deal in Great Cumberlands, and I advised him to do business through us."

"Well, you had better see to it, as I have to attend two meeting this morning."

During the day I managed to dispose of 1,000 shares at prices ranging from £24 10s. to £25 10s. per share, and had the contract notes made out and posted to W. Duncan, Esq., Castle hotel, Eltham, the proprietor of which I knew very well, and with whom I had arranged to have any letters so addressed forwarded to myself. On Wednesday the 23d, I received a telegram from George with the two words "On Friday." Words cannot express how relieved I felt. I knew George would do nothing by halves, and I felt almost sure of success.

That afternoon I left the office early and went hown to Eltham and dined at the Castle hotel. After dinner I wrote a letter, which I addressed to my firm, Messrs. Pritchard & Co., and arranged with the landlord to have it posted on the morrow, in order to be delivered in the city first post on Friday morning.

On Friday I seized the paper and glanced hurriedly down the money article. Yes! it was there sure enough.

"We received a communication last evening to the effect that the Yaranga River district in South Africa was flooded and that great damage had been done to the Great Cumberland Diamond company's property. The mine was flooded and it was feared 100 workmen were drowned. The loss to the company was believed to be irretrievable."

This I knew was bound to make the shares fall. You may be sure I felt in a great state of excitement, but I tried to look as unconcerned as possible when I arrived at the office.

About 10:30 Mr. Pritchard came to me with a letter.

"Here is another letter from Mr. Duncan asking us to buy in the 1,000 Great Cumberlands for him. I suppose he is all right, but it looks very much like speculation. I see there is a bad report of the mine in the paper this morning, so he will get them cheap. One would think he knew something about the telegram. However, that has nothing to do with us. Don't be in too great a hurry to buy; the price is sure to drop."

On my way to the Stock exchange I called at the office of the Great Cumberland company and asked if they knew anything about the telegram published that morning. They said they had received the same information, but thought there was some mistake. They were taking steps to have it confirmed.

When I arrived at the exchange I went straight to the mining market, and, as I expected, found it in a state of the wildest excitement. Every one was asking questions about Great Cumberlands. All the dealers were sellers. "Great Cumberlands!" "Great Cumberlands!" "I sell 100 at 23; I sell 200 at 22½. Any buyers?" and such like.

I waited and watched closely. The price went down every minute, until presently I heard a man offer 300 at 21. I bought them. I noticed several dealers eyed me suspiciously, and one asked me if I knew anything. I answered, "No, but we have an order from a client to buy." Presently a dealer offered a parcel of 500 at 19½. I took them at once. The other 200 I had no difficulty in obtaining in small lots at about £19 to £19 10s. I went back to the office and reported to Mr. Pritchard that Great Cumberlands had dropped five or six points, and told him I had bought 1,000 shares for Mr. Duncan at an average price of about 20.

I had the contract notes posted that day to Mr. Duncan. On going through the account I found that after deducting brokerage and all expenses there was a clear profit of £5,350.

I had thus gained my end. On settling day it would only be necessary to pass on the names from the firms I had sold to the firms I had bought from, and post a check for the difference to Mr. Duncan, which of course was the same as posting it to myself.

The next morning a telegram was published by the company notifying that the information published the day before was exaggerated. The Yaranga district was flooded, but their property had not been touched. On the strength of this the shares in a few days regained their former quotation.

I wrote to George, told him of my success and thanked him for what he had done.

On the 1st of April I called Mr. Saymour. He seemed rather surprised to see me, but was very polite.

"Mr. Saymour," I said, "when I asked you for your daughter's hand a month ago you said you would only give your sanction on condition that by today I was worth at least £5,000. I have called to inform you that the amount of my balance at my banker's is now £5,785. I therefore presume there will now be no objection to our engagement?"

"Well, Mr. Bartley," he said, "I am surprised, but also pleased, because, as I said last month, I have no personal objection to you as a son-in-law. I will write at once and fetch Nellie back. But how did you manage to make £5,000 in a month?"

"Well, you know, sir, on the Stock exchange it is very easy to make or lose £5,000."

He laughed and said:

"You have been lucky this time, but take my advice and don't go in for 'plunging.'"

"I don't mean to, Mr. Saymour, but desperate cases require desperate means."

"I expect you thought me very mercenary, Harold, but I must now tell you why I made that stipulation. People suppose I am very wealthy, but lately I have lost heavily, and am now in want of a few thousands for a week or two and haven't any available security to offer.

"Will you lend me your £5,000 for a month? You shall have it back with interest, and when you marry I will keep my promise and settle £10,000 on Nellie."

"You are quite welcome to the money," I said. "All I want is Nellie."

We were engaged six months, and have now been married three months, but I haven't yet regretted my first and only speculation. I didn't tell Nellie all the facts of the case. She thinks it was owing to a lucky rise in one of my small investments that I was enabled to satisfy her father, and I don't think it necessary to undeceive her.—New York World.

Almost a Hint.

They were walking under a very little umbrella, and she liked it well enough not to want a large spread of alpaca. He was modest, and seemed to be nervous, and she finally remarked very softly, and with a note of interrogation:

"Charley, I'll carry the umbrella if you will let me."

"Oh, no! I can carry it."

"Yes, Charley, but you see your arm takes up so much room that one side of me is out in the wet."

"I know, Fannie, but what will I do with my arm? Won't it be in the way all the same."

"I don't know, Charley. Tom Clark always knows what to do with his arm when he is under an umbrella with Mary Martin, because Mary told me so."—Texas Siftings.

The Size of an Orang-outang.

Various stories are told about the huge dimensions and great height of the orang-outang, but I have never seen one over 4 feet high from head to heel, and from 7 to 8 feet, measuring from finger to finger across its outstretched arms, the width of the face varying in measurement from 8 to 12 inches, though the accounts of larger animals having been met with may be correct.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Historic Remark.

The battle of the Nile was fought Aug. 1, 1798, between the French and English fleets. Sir Horatio Nelson was in command of the latter, and as the engagement was about to begin he exclaimed, "Victory or Westminster abbey!" And victory it was.—Harper's Young People.

A BRAVE DOG DEAD.

HE RAN WITH THE FIRE ENGINE UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN HE FELL.

Good Natured Little "Chappie," of 14 Engine—Always Knew When His Machine Was Called Out and Always Ran Ahead of the Charging Horses.

Everybody in the Eighteenth ward knew Chappie, the white bull terrior that ran with 14 engine. Chappie was a faithful attendent at all fires in his district. Stretched out in front of the engine the first ringing of the gong would open his eyes. With cocked ears he would wait to see if 14 was wanted. When the doors were thrown open he raced in and out with an absurd energy, playfully snapping at everybody, tumbling over himself, his incessant barking saying plainly as words:

"Come, now, get a move on you; no time to be lost; rush her along."

Chappie is dead now, and the firemen of 14 engine speak regretfully of him.

It was on the way to the fire that Chappie was in his glory. He would bound ahead of the galloping team furiously barking and springing up between the horses' legs. Spectators would close their eyes, expecting to see him trampled or crushed, but from under the flying hoofs Chappie would come racing again, lead the procession for a moment, then back to the horses, biting and barking and urging them on.

Arrived at the fire, Chappie became a reasonable creature, again installing himself on the driver's seat, comfortably wagging his stub of a tail as he watched his comrades at work. Now and then he would indulge in a short bark of encouragement. The plucky terrier had not escaped unscathed in his frolicking with the galloping horses. He lost a piece of his tail at one time, had a leg broken at another time and received numberless bruises.

One Saturday box 322 was pulled, and Chappie started to pilot the machine to Twenty-third street and Third avenue. It proved a tough trip for the dog. He turned up with a fore paw broken in two places after the excitement was all over. It was bandaged and he was placed on the sick list. In spite of that he answered 316 on the next night, running ahead on three legs. He didn't have far to go, the fire being on Broadway, between Ninth and Tenth streets.

Probably the broken paw hindered him, but somehow he got under the horses' feet and went down. As he righted himself either the pan of the engine or the pumps caught him in the back and crushed him to the pavement. The stout hearted fellows of 14 engine could have cried as they returned to their quarters, tenderly bearing the maimed Chappie.

The dog came of the best blue blood in England, having been imported by William Waldorf Astor. He had all the gameness characteristic of his breed, and scarcely a whimper betrayed his suffering. Dr. T. D. Sherwood, a veterinary surgeon, who examined him, found a fractured spine, a broken leg and severe internal injuries. At first the firemen were for shooting the dog and putting him out of his misery, but afterward it was decided to try and save him. A canvas bandage was rigged on two billiard cues above a dry goods box and Chappie was suspended in it.

Dr. Sherwood took great interest in the case, calling several times the following Tuesday. There was a little hope on Tuesday evening, but as the night wore on the brave dog gave such evidence of suffering in his suspended position that he was taken down and laid upon the straw. It became plain from the animal's agony that he was fatally injured and opiates were administered. He died at 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

Chappie weighed about forty-five pounds. His ferocious looks utterly belied him. He was especially attached to any one wearing a fireman's uniform, but he was friendly enough to civilians, and the children of the neighborhood were his playmates. The only time he lost his temper was when a policeman hove in sight. He could not tolerate that kind of a bluecoat and could tell it at a glance from a fireman's uniform. None of the finest made 14's house a lounging place while in uniform. A policeman once used his night stick on Chappie, and the whole force was made to suffer for it.

The firemen of 14 engine are full of reminiscences of their dead playfellow. Remarkable stories of his intelligence are told. He understood the signals and would not stir if the alarm denoted a fire out of 14's district. While strangers were permitted to make friendly advances outside the door, a snarl and gleam of ugly teeth warned against trespassing inside. Chappie was left in the house on guard upon one occasion. Fire Commissioner Martin came in, but was not permitted to leave until the men returned.—New York Sun.

Mimicry in Caterpillars.

A very large caterpillar stretched itself from the foliage of a tree which I was examining, and startled me by its resemblance to a small snake. The first three segments behind the head were dilatable at the will of the insect, and had on each side a large black pupillated spot, which resembled the eye of the snake. It was a poisonous or viperine species mimicked, and not an innocuous snake. This was proved by the imitation of keeled scales on the crown, which was produced by the recumbent feet as the caterpillar threw itself backward. I carried off the caterpillar, and alarmed every one in the village where I was then living to whom I showed it.—Records of a Naturalist in the Amazon.

The Religious Billposter.

Massachusetts legislators, according to the notices posted on the fence surrounding the statehouse extension, will never have a chance to go heavenward. Some one interested in their welfare has issued an invitation which reads, "Come to Jesus." Under these encouraging words is the hopeless announcement, "This way is closed."—Boston Post.

Two Mythical Islands.

Marco Polo's "Travels" gives a curious account of two islands, "distant from Kesneacoran about 500 miles toward the south, and about thirty miles from each other, the one being inhabited by a company of men without a single woman among them, the other by women without the company of men. They are called, respectively, the Island of Males and the Island of Females." Geographers and others interested in the curiosities of history and navigation have made many attempts to ascertain the exact location of these fantastically named little specks in the great ocean; but even after so much research and study the European as well as the American geographical societies have been forced to admit that their whereabouts is doubtful in the extreme.

Some believe them to be identical with the Footnote islands, near Socota, but these last named are now too small for human habitation, besides being too near the shores of the Red sea to correspond with those mentioned by Marco Polo. The most probable conclusion that has yet been arrived at is that Serodah, a small island on the west coast of India, is the celebrated "Island of Females," it being the resort of dancing girls and women who retire to the place for a summer's outing after a hard winter's work on the continent.

As far as Marco Polo's "Island of Males" is concerned it is irretrievably lost, the combined efforts of the geographers, the historians and the travelers not being equal to the task of bringing it from the mysterious mists which have hidden it for centuries.—St. Louis Republic.

Boards of Trade in Western Cities.

The novelty in western life is the inevitable combination of leading citizens pledged to promote the best interests of their town. Such a body is variously called a board of trade, a chamber of commerce or a commercial club. It is the burning glass which focuses the public spirit of the community. Its most competent officer is usually the highly salaried secretary. He does for his town what a railroad passenger agent or a commercial traveler does for his employers, that is to say, he secures business. He invites manufacturers to set up workshops in his city, offering a gift of land or of land and money or of exemption from taxation for a term of years. The merchants, and perhaps the city officials also, support his promises. In a South Dakota city I have known a fine brick warehouse to be built and given, with the land under it, to a wholesale grocery firm for doing business there. In a far northwestern city there was talk of sending a man east on salary to stay away until he could bring back capital to found a smeltery.

These boards of trade often organize local companies to give a city what it needs. They urge the people to subscribe for stock in associations that are to build electric railways, opera houses, hotels, convention halls, water supply and illuminating companies, often dividing an acknowledged financial loss for the sake of a public gain. Thus these boards provide the machinery by which the most ambitious, forward and enterprising communities in the world expend and utilize their energy.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Salamander from Artesian Wells.

Mr. H. G. Zimmerman, of Albion, Ind., recently discovered in a trench leading from an artesian well a good sized and very lively mud puppy or water dog. This well is eight miles north of Huron, S. D., and is 1,250 feet deep. Everybody was confident that the reptile came from the well, as there is no other water for miles and miles. Its head was shaped like that of our common catfish, its color was similar to that of the catfish, and it had bushy external gills, besides four legs.

Many conjectures as to what the animal could be were made; some persons thought it principally fish, others lizard, and the most general conclusion was that the thing was a mongrel between the two. A genius (Proteus) belonging to the same family as the above (which we take to be Necturus), and found in caves in southwestern Austria, is blind and colorless. Mr. Zimmerman states specifically that the puppy found by him had a good pair of eyes and was dark in color. Lake Byron, twelve miles north of where this batrachian was found, is said to furnish good fishing.—Forest and Stream.

Where Artists Blunder.

"I never saw an artist yet who could correctly paint a horseshoe," remarked a friend of mine, pausing before a Broadway picture store. "They invariably paint it with an equal number of nails on each side—sometimes three, sometimes four, and even five nails. As a matter of fact, there are four on one side and three on the other, the extra nail being on the inside of the foot, where the greatest strain comes."

Which reminds me of the lines of a distinguished American poet in which he sweetly depicts the drowsy cattle on a summer's day lazily lapping the cooling waters of the crystal stream. The same peculiarity is also poetically attributed to the horse and other animals, the model of the poet having probably been the house cat.—New York Herald.

Livery of Parlor Maids.

English parlor maids wear a distinct livery, not often, though occasionally, seen in New York houses. This consists usually of a plain, long, black or dark woolen skirt, a loose, open jacket of the same material, and either a white vest with gilt or ornamented buttons or a vest made of livery stripes. With this are worn cap and apron.—New York Times.

A Puzzled Yankee.

A story is told of Lord Grosvenor, who, while traveling in this country, was asked by a Yankee how he got his living. My lord replied that he did not work, as his father supported him. "What a dear old gentleman," said the Yankee; "how will you ever manage to live when he dies?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

SMOKELESS POWDER IN WAR.

It Gives Many Advantages to the Side Making the Attack.

The introduction of smokeless powder has had considerable to do with a change of tactics on the field of battle. In the absence of the smoke screen on both sides, the company officers not only find it easier to work together, but can control their men and judge the effect of their fire on the enemy to a far greater degree than was formerly possible. From their point of view this increased power of control more than compensates the attack for the increased facility of concealment smokeless powder confers on the defense. It is true that the latter also profits by the same increased power of control, but they argue that from the nature of things the defense, striving only to prevent being beaten, whereas the attack fights with the determination to win, the latter is in a position to make far better use of this new powder than the former. Put in another form, it comes to this: The heavier and more accurate the fire whistling over a trench, the harder it is to make men raise their heads over it to take aim. Smokeless powder makes it easier for the attack to deliver such a fire; hence the difficulties of the defense will be increased.

Further, in the absence of smoke, men stationary on the defense cannot escape the depressing influence of the dead and wounded lying around them, but the attack leaves all these evidences of the fight behind it. So here again the advantage is on its side.

With reference to the question of the use of smokeless powders by the artillery, the general idea seems to be that it was all a gain to the side which thought more of killing its enemy than of avoiding being killed itself. It enormously facilitates the maintenance of fire discipline within the battery, permits of continuous fire even at the most rapid rate, for no smoke interferes with the laying of the guns, and above all things cheers the hearts of the men by enabling them to see the results of their fire.

As a means of concealment it is of no use at all, for even at extreme ranges of 5,000 yards and upward the flash of discharge is always distinctly visible, and at fighting ranges the flash enables one to note exactly the position of the enemy's guns. This was not always possible with the old powders, for the smoke obscured the object and prevented one's picking up an exact point to aim at.

The artillery will be far from regretting the loss of the two clouds which hung, the one in front of their own and the other in front of the enemy's guns. Smoke is a cover added to that furnished by the ground, and no one has ever been anxious for his opponent to have covers which he himself could not turn to advantage. If both are deprived of this cover victory will belong to him who, all else being equal, can most skillfully supply the deficiency.

Maneuvers will hereafter probably take place over larger areas before actual fighting begins, and something of an Indian's craft and natural keenness will be needed on the part of staff officers. Smoke has been so good a cover on many occasions that its absence will impose new conditions, and natural cover will have to be much more extensively utilized. With the vanishing poetry of the smoke battle the prose of a new era will begin, in which combat will be more like a game of chess in view of the pieces as a whole, and new dispositions of old qualities and virtues will be wanted.—Iron Age.

Pocketknives and Scissors.

Any hardware store clerk will tell you that there is a marked falling off in the demand for pocketknives and a very conspicuous increase in the demand for pocket scissors. Up until recently almost every man carried a knife, not for the purpose of protection, but to have it handy for sharpening pencils or any similar purpose. Now, however, the fashion has grown to keeping a knife always on the desk, and as the knives are generally of a high quality they are preferred to those carried in the pocket. On the other hand the convenience of pocket shears is so great and they are now made so cheaply and more convenient than formerly that men now carry them who never thought of doing so until quite recently.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Movable Curtain Pole.

A firm in Birmingham, England, is manufacturing a new style of pole for hanging portieres in such a manner that the curtain will not interfere with opening the door. One of the brackets supporting the pole is attached to the door frame, the other being fastened to the door itself. A joint in the pole on the line of the hinge of the door allows the pole to swing back with the door when opened. The pole is held loosely in the bracket on the door and slides over a small roller in the bracket when the door is moved.

One of these fixtures, all brass, with rod three-quarters of an inch in diameter sells for about $1.50 all complete.—Philadelphia Record.

Sweet Solicitude.

Husband—My dear, the air is very damp tonight. You'd better wear your furs.

Wife—I have them ready.

Husband—And tie your boa on closely. A little exposure often leads to sore throat, and sore throat leads to diphtheria, a most dangerous disease. Wear your thick rubbers, too, and good thick shoes, and warm gloves, and, my love, I think you'd better wear a warm veil. One can't be too careful when one's life insurance is in arrears, and yours is.—New York Weekly.

Giving an Order.

Small Boy—Mamma wants you to send her up quarter of a pound of coffee and a pound of tea.

Careful Grocer—Isn't it a quarter of tea and a pound of coffee she wants?

Small Boy—Well, it's somehow that way, and—oh, I forgot; send us up a barrel of onions and half a dozen Bermuda potatoes and a peck of eggs; now don't forget.—Good News.

Women Are Not Inconstant.

The authors of the past seem to have thought that they could not make a tale in verse or prose romantic or interesting unless they should introduce inconstant heroines to their readers, and for this purpose they were ready to defame the whole sex, at least by implication. Woman is constant on instinct, on principle, by enlightened policy, by mere self interest. Her inward prompting and outward advantage conspire to the same end. She is doubly guarded. Man is differently constituted. Principle alone must, as a rule, hold him steady, and comparatively few of his sex, it must be admitted, act on principle in this regard. Woman is monogamous; man and in fact male animals generally are polygamous. Monogamy is but another name for constancy, as polygamy is for inconstancy.

Whatever man may assume, he does not believe that women, generally, are unstable. His attitude and entire conduct toward them demonstrate this. If such was his conviction, he would not marry; he would not jeopardize his honor, his peace of mind, his precious self love. Marriage would, in time, cease to be a custom; for marriage, society, civilization, depend absolutely on woman's fidelity to the matrimonial bond, not as a theory alone, but as a sacred truth. Man thinks, with reason, that some, perhaps many, women are disloyal. But it always seems to surprise him; it is different from his expectation, otherwise he would not raise such a clamor about it. The inconstancy of women generally is a conscious and shallow pretext, more so today than ever. Nature, society, science, law, men, all demand the exact contrary, and their demand is fully met.—Junius Henri Browne in Ladies' Home Journal.

Indians Going to Market.

A remarkable sight is a band of Canadian Indians going to a post with furs for barter. Though the bulk of these hunters fetch their quarry in the spring and early summer, some may come at any time. The procession may be only that of a family or of the two or more families that live together or as neighbors. The man, if there is but one group, is certain to be stalking ahead, carrying nothing but his gun. Then come the women, laden like packhorses. They may have a sled packed with the furs and drawn by a dog or two, and an extra dog may bear a balanced load on his back, but the squaw is certain to have a spine warping burden of meat and a battered kettle and a papoose, and whatever personal property of any and every sort she and her liege lord own. Children who can walk have to do so, but it sometimes happens that a baby a year and a half or two years old is on her back, while a newborn infant, swaddled in blanket stuff and bagged and tied like a Bologna sausage, surmounts the load on the sled.

A more tatterdemalion outfit than a band of these pauperized savages form it would be difficult to imagine. On the plains they will have horses dragging travoises, dogs with travoises, women and children loaded with impedimenta, a colt or two running loose, the lordly men riding free, straggling curs a-plenty, babies in arms, babies swaddled, and toddlers afoot, and the whole battalion presenting at its exposed points exhibits of torn blankets, raw meat, distorted pots and pans, tent, poles and rusty traps, in all eloquently suggestive of an eviction in the slums of a great city.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

The Steamship of the Future.

As to the size of the steamship of the future, financial considerations must determine it. Any addition to size means greater displacement and greater power to get a high rate of speed. A small craft, similar perhaps to a torpedo boat of the Thornycroft or Yarrow build, would give results satisfactory at least on the debit side of the ledger. But what of the credit side, which, after all, is the more important in a merchant ship of the Atlantic greyhound type?

In the case of British ships there are only two sources of revenue—from passengers and for the transport of cargo and mails. In a vessel of the torpedo type there is not room for either. So also with high speed cruisers, where a very large proportion of the length, in some cases 40 per cent., is given up for machinery. Indeed, only in exceptional cases could a cruiser carry fuel to cross the Atlantic at full speed, and certainly no torpedo boat would essay to do so.

In the modern high speed passenger steamer the cargo capacity of the vessel is limited, and so valuable that only a precious cargo is carried, and that at a pretty high rate. The cause of the limitation is the weight of machinery and the coal for consumption and the necessity for minimizing the displacement.

As to speed, there is really no insurmountable difficulty in attaining forty knots, but this would require something like 160,000 indicated horse power, seventy boilers to generate the steam for the engines, and these would burn considerably more than 2,000 tons of coal per day.—Engineering.

Philology and Grammar.

There is a notion abroad that philology is superior to grammar; that it is in a commanding position over grammar, and that it has a natural right to supervise the arrangements and terminology of grammar. The consequence has been that of late years almost every author who has come forward as a grammarian has done so, more or less, in the guise of a philologist, as if this character invested him with higher authority, and gave him power to innovate upon the time honored institutes of grammar. By this avenue some confused and hybrid doctrines have found their way into current schoolbooks. — Professor John Earle in Forum.

No Danger of Shock.

An insulated holder for fire hose has been invented to obviate any danger that might arise to firemen in case a stream of water struck a heavily charged wire. —New York Journal.

FOR THE TOILET

There is no more useful or elegant article than Ayer's Hair Vigor—the most popular and economical hair-dressing in the market. It causes the hair to grow abundantly and retain the beauty and texture of youth; prevents baldness, heals troublesome humors of the scalp and keeps it clean, cool, and healthy. Both ladies and gentlemen everywhere prefer Ayer's Hair Vigor to any other dressing for the hair. Mrs Lydia O. Moody, E. Pittston, Me., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and falling hair, so that I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor, my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor to any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair."

Ask For

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

At the auction sale of Boulanger relics in Brussels the brave general's eye-glasses went for nearly a sovereign and a tiny champagne goblet of historic associations brought $150. The empty revolver case, minus the fatal weapon, sold for 11 francs.

Mr. Gladstone has consented to address a great London demonstration before the general elections.

The late M. Paule, who recently died in Paris, had the distinction of being the inventor of the "peg top" trousers, which were so much affected by American volunteer firemen and village "sports" a quarter of a century ago.

Samuel Davis of Whitneyville, Me., who is 84 years of age, shot four foxes in one day, making a total of forty this season.

An enthusiastic reporter down in Texas went to a wedding the other day and was so impressed by all he saw that he indulged in this bit of fine writing: "A cloudless sky, ruled by the radiant moon and gemmed with millions of stars, arched grandly the nuptial night."

Dr. A. N. Pierce, homeopath, and Dr. Frank Artaud, allopath, indulged in a street fight at Lake Providence, La., in which Artaud was fatally wounded.

London has a trade journal called The Stick and Umbrella News.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M E, 145 Moore st.; Charles Lansale, S C.: Stephen Conley, J C.: James Kelley, [illegible]

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Brackett, F S; Dr G C Synon, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 590 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F. Meet 168 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 3137 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 16th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C F. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2927 State st; Henry S Howson, R S, 3518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D E Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2274 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawlor, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Theo G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C F. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J G Schubert, C R, 153 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C F; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3323 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C F. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 833 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 389 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C F. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; P N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C F. Meet 1st Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2361 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 22—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C F. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C F. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Knoerr, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 399 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schuit, Treas; Dr Brand, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Sloiden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C F. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begana, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C F. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C F. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Drouin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer ave.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heiarichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Fish, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C F. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C F. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Nierubach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Logomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierosi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allez, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasquez, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C F. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 192 E. Washington-st., Plasterers' Hall, at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P.B.Flanagan, 3023 Fifth av.

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. sec.; Peter F. Raligan, Fin. sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Harret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Sec. Sec., 2962 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

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Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 8 Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P.; James O'Kelly, Rec Sec, 8 Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T A Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Wiseman's Hall, South Chicago.

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Div. No. 21—W. J. Doherty, Pres., 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderick, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 22—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth [illegible]; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh [illegible], 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Ker[illegible]an., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second [illegible] of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first [illegible] Wentworth-av.

[illegible]—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; [illegible] Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, [illegible]on; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos [illegible] Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each [illegible] p m, in Pullman, Ill.

[illegible]—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; [illegible] Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1065 [illegible], Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael [illegible] Meets first Sunday each month [illegible] hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

[illegible] s, M. Donohue, 5503 Jefferson [illegible]ce; Rec. Sec., William Mc[illegible], Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, [illegible]

[illegible] John P Doheny, 6359 Honore [illegible]by; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, [illegible]ted sts; Fin Sec, M H Hoey; [illegible]elly.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

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Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

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T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dani Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.

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Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago. Ill.

County Secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.

County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3595 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st. at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; Rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; Fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Donnehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p.m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, Joan J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; Rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; Fin sec, Thos. Moran Treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty Meet the third Sunday each month at 66 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Pete Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

OFFICERS OF THE ARCHDIOCESAN TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

President, H. J. McGuire, 5133 Wentworth-av.

Vice-President, Walter J. Gibbons, 18 North Franklin-st.

Secretary, J. J. Garrity, 41 N. Carpenter-st.

Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 43 Pine st.

Marshal, J. Doyle, 229½ E. Huron-st.

FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 681 W. Lake-st. Pres, William J. Lamey, 7 Smart-st.; V.-P., John Daley; Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 226 N. Wood-st. Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas., Wm. Close Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Jas E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at new hall 389 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month at 8 p. m. President, David L. Barry, 22 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Barney Clyne 2nd V. P., J. J. Barry; Sec'y, J. J. Hackett, 389 W. Taylor-st.; Ass't Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B SOCIETY Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Oak, President, 98 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. J. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec.

ANNIVERSARY OF OUR FIRE!!!

We commemorate a Notable Event with a Notable Souvenir Sale. Twelve months ago SMYTH'S TOWN MARKET was laid in ruins by the most fierce and destructive blaze seen in Chicago since noted '71. Property to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars went up in smoke and flame, marking with a fiery pillar the completion of our **quarter century in the home-furnishing business.** Though great and sudden the disaster, its effects were but very temporary. The fire was still burning when plans and estimates were considered; and in course of six months, on the site of the burnt one, a far more extensive and magnificent building went up, whose ANNIVERSARY OPENING we now celebrate.

1—56 WEST MADISON STREET—WHERE WE STARTED IN BUSINESS IN 1867.

To make our Anniversary Opening interesting and attractive, and entirely worthy the occasion, we celebrate it with

A Grand Carnival of Bargains

In all kinds of the best Home Furnishings, Stylish, Solid and Reliable Goods that will please and last.

2—135 WEST MADISON STREET, WHERE WE MOVED IN 1872.

RELIABLE GOODS---LOW PRICES---FAIR DEALING.

THAT IS THE SECRET OF OUR PROGRESS.

It is a pleasure and a profit to visit

OUR SOUVENIR SALE.

In preparation for it we have succeeded in securing several large purchases of First-Class Household Goods to the value of a QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS, at rates that enable us to flood our floors with remarkable offerings in every department.

WE PUBLISH

FIVE PICTURES FROM OUR BUSINESS HISTORY

They find fitting parallel in the poet's lines:

Westward the star of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall crown the drama with the day---
Time's noblest offering is his last.

3—SMYTH'S TOWN MARKET, 150 TO 166 WEST MADISON STREET, WHICH WE OPENED IN 1890.

Twenty car loads of Furniture, bright, new and reliable goods, every piece a model of beauty and comfort, have been distributed through our avenues of Parlor, Library, Hall, Dining-Room and Bed-Room Furnishings, at

PRICES MARKED DOWN ONE-HALF.

On every hand there are thousands of Genuine Bargains. It will be a pleasure and a profit to examine them.

These are our leading SOUVENIRS. Handsome and durable, they will pleasantly preserve our memory to our customers for many a year of domestic comfort.

4—SMYTH'S TOWN MARKET AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF APRIL 12, 1891

5—SMYTH'S TOWN MARKET, 150 TO 166 WEST MADISON-ST., AS IT STANDS TO-DAY; SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED FOR BUSINESS; NEAR 8 ACRES OF FLOORAGE OCCUPIED BY AN IMMENSE STOCK OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS, SELECTED FROM THE PRODUCTS OF THE BEST FACTORIES AND, ALTOGETHER

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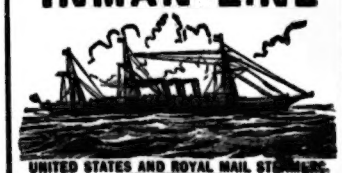

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